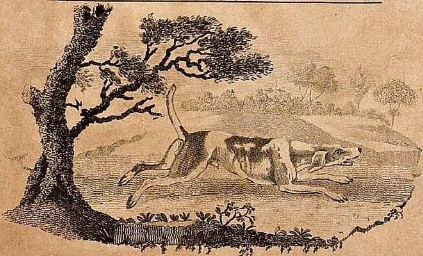
Serfojee Rajah 1817

THE Sporting Magazine OR MONTHLY CALENDAR of the TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHACE, And every other Diversion Interesting to The Man of Pleasure and Enterprize.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.



LONDON.
Printed for the PROPRIETORS, and Sold by J. WHEBLE; No. 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's.
MDCCXCIV.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Tranfactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diverfion interefting to the Man of Pleafure, Enterprize, and Spirit.

For APRIL, 1794.

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Ornamented with a Portraiture of Mr. OGDEN'S Trotting Mare, and a Reprefentation of the Affiftance given by HIS MAJESTY and the PRINCE OF WALES to GENERAL GOLDSWORTHY, in the City Road, March 15, 1794, from a Drawing taken on the Spot, both beautifully engraved by COOK.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By E. Rider, Little Britain.

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick Square, near St. Paul's; at WILLIAM BURREL'S Circulating Library, Newmarket; and by evry Bookfeller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MANNER of taking Turtle Doves between Gnatia and Taranto, in the Two Sicilies, is received, and ſhall be particularly attended to.

Reflections on the Inceſtuous and Immoral Practice of making Bulls in England, communicated by a Lady, ſhall alſo be particularly noticed.

Account of the Dog-Eaters in Caſalnuovo, with a Confirmation, by Sir William Hamilton, is received.

Natural Hiſtory of the Wolf, including an Account of the various Methods which have been taken to rid the World of ſo rapacious an Invader, deſerves our beſt acknowledgments.

A. B. offers to take the odds whether a certain young Priſoner is to be a Duke or no Duke, and deſires us to calculate thoſe odds: but we beg leave to decline the attempt, and refer the Enquirer to the *Office of Arms*. Had Dr. Price, who ſo exactly calculated the chances of a Widow's marrying a ſecond time, been exiſting at this hour, he might have been able to have obliged A. B.

The Leaper, an Epigram, is received.

W. M's Hint ſhall be attended to.

We are not ſuch novices, as to be ignorant of the drift of the Letter addreſſed to us under the ſignature of a GENTLEMAN JOCKEY, containing many perſonal reflections on a Gentleman *ſuppoſed* to be one of our Correſpondents; theſe we paſs by, being no concern of ours, but the following paragraph ſeems to be intended for *our* notice: "If you could perſuade any Man of the Turf to make you "an occaſional preſent of a few columns, it would be of infinite "ſervice." To this we reply, that we are deſirous of ſuch communications, and if we found them poſſeſſed of merit, *ſhould have no objection to pay for them*; by which means, if we miſtake not, we might be enabled to announce every month, *Ecce iterum Paſquinus*.

THE

Sporting Magazine

For APRIL, 1794.

Easter Hunt on Epping Forest.

THE aſſemblage near the Bald Faced Stag, on Eaſter Monday, was more numerous than upon any former occaſion. This holiday-hunt has often been deſcribed by the pen of ridicule, and indeed, as far as relates to the ſporting cocknies, who attend on this particular day, it can in no other way be ſo well noticed.

It may not, however, be improper to obſerve that the hounds and eſtabliſhment are an appendage to the royal chaſe, ſupported by the crown, with the aid of a ſubſcription from the neighbouring gentlemen. The cuſtom formerly on an Eaſter Monday was, to decorate the horns of the deer to be turned out, with ribbands; but this practice is diſcontinued, as it expoſed the poor animal rather to be MOBBED than HUNTED.

The chief object for keeping up the ceremony is, we believe, to ſerve the neighbouring inns and public houſes, and to put ſomething into the pocket of the huntſman, for whom a gathering is made.

A correſpondent who ſays he was preſent, has ſent us the following account, the *ſtyle* and *language* of which is, however, of ſo *ſublime* a caſt, that we fear much for our own literary credit, as the *plainneſs* of the few introductory lines, when compared

pared with the *elevated diction* that follows, must at once bid us hide our diminished heads, and *shrink* at the nobler effusions of *genius* and *perspicuity*.

Who would not wish *to see once?*—But of those having seen it once, who would ever desire to see it again. The continued cavalcade *obscured in dust*, from that seat of equal industry and extravagance, the metropolis, exceeded in length and numbers every idea that can be conceived of *folly* and *curiosity*. The scene was absolutely too rich in *variegation* to receive its deserts from either the PEN or the PENCIL.

To so glorious a *sporting repast*, every part of the country contributed the most abundant proofs of its *prolific* powers, for the numbers of all *ages*, *states* and *conditions* that were seen for miles every way, and constituted the aggregate, serve only to give ample proofs of the POPULARITY and FORCE of this KINGDOM, should the *sans cullottes* ever hazard the dangerous experiment of *analizing* the state of our *internal defence*. Upon the most moderate calculation, there were from two to three thousand horsemen, and seven or eight hundred vehicles of different descriptions, in addition to predestrians exceeding the limits of credibility. Pugilistic rencounters succeeded each other in different rings for the amusement of one class, whilst the E. O. gentlemen—those honest industrious branches of society, entertained, their friends in a booth erected for the purpose. At half past twelve, (after an incessant arrival of the many thousands that attended the deer-cart from the Bald Faced Stag) the deer was liberated amidst the croud, and the hounds brought up close to his *haunches*, where, with great difficulty, making his way between *coaches*, *carts*, and through every description of horse and foot, he at length *broke view*, by gaining the COVERT, and soon gave the company upon the hill a pleasing gratification, then but little expected, by leading the CHASE over the open part of the forest, *in view*, when regaining the opposite woods, they continued to run him half an hour, then taking soil, they drew off the hounds, and left him to enjoy his ease, under an idea that they were to draw for, and take him with a good run on the following morning, when the temporary Nimrods were safe with Mr. *Somnus*, in the metropolis.

A Law Case.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

ELLIS *v.* PIERSON.

WAGER.

THIS was an action to recover from the defendant, as the stake-holder, a sum of money the plaintiff had won upon a wager, respecting the amount of the duty on hops, from the year 1791 to 1792.

The counsel for the defendant contended, that the action could not be sustained, inasmuch as the wager was impertinent, and therefore illegal. He admitted, that some wagers were recoverable by law, though several of the learned judges had expressed a wish, that all of them should be rendered illegal; but every wager that was against public policy, impertinent, or tended to immorality, or a breach of the peace, was repugnant to law.

The

Cook Sculp.

A Representation of the Afsistance given by HIS MAJESTY *and* PRINCE *of* WALES *to* GEN. GOLDSWORTHY *in the City Road March 15th 1794.*

Publish'd by J. Wheble Warwick Square May 1st 1794.

The learned judge confirmed the doctrine laid down by the defendant's counſel. His lordſhip was clearly of opinion, that the wager in queſtion was impertinent and illegal.

The plaintiff was nonſuited.

GEN. GOLDSWORTHY.

TO the account given in our laſt, of the accident which happened to this gentleman, we have only to add, that we underſtand he has nearly recovered from the ſhock it occaſioned, and at the ſame time to preſent our readers with the promiſed ENGRAVING, which we flatter ourſelves will be acknowledged as equally worthy of attention with our former productions.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

THE following extract f om Zimmerman's Eſſay on ſolitude, will ſhew how *rationally* and *piouſly* Louis the XVth, and his court ſpent their ſabbaths.

I am, &c.

ANONYMOUS.

"RETURNING one Sunday to Verſailles, I perceived at a diſtance a number of people aſſembled upon the terrace of the caſtle, and on a nearer approach, I beheld Louis XV. ſurrounded by his Court, at the windows of his palace. A man very richly dreſſed, with a large pair of branching antlers faſtened on his head, whom they called the *ſtag*, was purſued by about a dozen others, who compoſed the *pack*. The purſued and the purſuers leaped into the grand canal, ſcrambled out again, and ran about to all parts; while the air reſounded with acclamations of clapping of hands, to encourage the continuance of the ſport. What can all this mean? ſai d I to a Frenchman, who ſtood near me. Sir, he replied, with a very grave countenance, it is for the entertainment of the Court."

ROYAL CHASE.

ALTHO' from the frequent repetition, we are not in the habit of communicating the particulars of every chaſe, where the ground gone over, as well as the faces of the company is generally the ſame, yet we cannot paſs over in ſilence the excellent run of Tueſday the 15th; when his Majeſty arrived at Ramſlade, the ſeat of the Hon. Captain Bennet a little before eleven. the ſtag was inſtantly turned out, and, depending upon his own ſtrength, refuſed to avail himſelf of the neighbouring incloſures, but boldly faced the almoſt incredible ſcope of open country; paſſing over the Heath he left Bagſhot on the right, through the pariſh of Windleſham, weſt of Cobham, over the lofty hills and then the Peat Movres to Purbright, where he *took ſoil* for a few minutes, till the hounds running up to him, he again broke away, over the chain of hills and dreary tract of hea h to Aſh, (near Farnham, in Surry) beating the hounds with the greateſt eaſe. Here he again waited, till exciting additional energy in the pack *by a view*, he once more gave proof of his inſtinctive and unvanquiſhed fortitude, in facing a new and equally open country to that he had already paſſed; made away by Henley

Henley Park and Pyfleet, over that ridge of hills known by the name of the Hogs Buck, and croſſing the great turnpike road midway between Guildford and Farnham, was taken between Eſher and Godalmin, after a moſt ſevere chaſe of *four hours*, three of which was breaſt high, with a rich ſcent that threw out many of thoſe who were moſt eager at the commencement, and completely tired the major part of the hounds. His Majeſty was well up during the day, and preſent when the deer was taken: the field was but thin at the turning out, and of thoſe many fell off, ſome by choice and others to inſure their horſes from diſtreſs and ſubſequent danger—of thoſe preſent were Lord Sandwich, Mr. Scott, Luckley Palmer, jun. Mr. Hatch, &c.

The hounds continue to hunt the Heath (King's Beech and Aſcot Heath) for the remainder of the ſeaſon, which is expected to cloſe the firſt Saturday in May.

Singular EQUESTRIAN, PEDESTRIAN, &c. PERFORMANCES,

1789.

DECEMBER, Mr. Payne, of Enfield, being preſent at a tripe-club, propoſed a bet of ten guineas, that he and *another* ſhould eat a buſhel of tripe in leſs than an hour. The bet being accepted, he at the time appointed attended, eat a moderate quantity, and then introduced his *companion*, which proved to be a large hungry *boar*, who eagerly devoured the remainder in a very ſhort time.

1790.

May, Thomas Savagar, a labourer in Herefordſhire, undertook to walk 404 miles in ſix days, on the road between Hereford and Ludlow, which is very rough and ſtoney; and by the terms of the wager, he was to paſs a hill two miles in length from the extremities of the ſides, and very difficult of aſcent, three time every a day. Savagar was 47 years of age, ſhort and thin: the weather was much againſt him, as there was a continual fall of ſleet and ſnow during the journey; notwithſtanding which, he walked 79 miles in one day, and 69 the day following; and in the end won his wager with eaſe. A farmer originally betted Savagar ten guiners to won, that he did not perform this taſk, and he afterwards made another ſimilar bet; ſo that Savagar's whole gain was twenty guineas.

1791.

October 30, a ſweepſtakes of 100 guineas each, was run for on foot, acroſs Kenſington Gardens, which afforded excellent diverſion, and was won with great difficulty by Lord Paget. The gentlemen came in, in the following order:

Lord Paget	1
Hon. Mr. Lambe	2
Captain Groſvenor	3
Lord Barrymore	4

Sept. 3, the noted Iſleworth meal-man walked 5 miles within three quarters of an hour, for a wager of fifty guineas; and although he was ſeized with a cholic on the road, he had ſix ſeconds to ſpare of the time. Many bets were depending, and ſome knowing ones deeply taken in.

1792.

Lord Viſcount Barnard, after the conclusion of the great Oat-

land

land Stakes, rode from the Duke of York's ſtand at Newmarket, to Bolton-houſe, in four hours and forty minutes. The diſtance ſixty miles.

April 14th, a trotting-match was performed on the road between Cambridge and Newmarket. Harry Ellis, groom to Mr. Bullock, undertook to trot thirty-two miles in two hours. He was allowed two horſes, and performed it in a minute and a half leſs than the time.

May 21, a very young boy, for a trifling wager, ran twice round the city walls of Cheſter, (three miles and a half) in 23 minutes: numerous ſpectators were preſent, who deemed it a very extraordinary pedeſtrian exploit, particularly as the youth was only twelve years of age.

July, a gentleman aged 77 years walked from London to Liverpool in four days, which is above fifty miles a day. This gentleman, whoſe name is Euſtace, was diſtinguiſhed about eleven years ago, for walking from Cheſter to London, which is above fifty miles a day: but he divided his journey by travelling to Coventry, which is ninety miles, the firſt day.

Auguſt 29, one M'Gregor, a painter of Kelſo, undertook for a trifling wager, to fell a bullock with his feet at three blows, which he performed at the ſecond. What made it more extraordinary, he was very ſlender made, and not above five feet ſeven inches high.

About this time a curious wager was decided in Dublin; one Dingle, a purblind bruſh-maker, a noted glutton, eat tripe againſt a bull-dog. Twelve pounds were to have been divided between them, and of the competitors, he who ſhould finiſh firſt was to gain the wager. The man in fifteen minutes eat eight pounds of it, while the dog was twenty minutes conſuming the other four. Beſides, all the fat was thrown into Dingle's diſh by his opponents to cloy his appetite, and a piece of old leather breeches was haſhed in his meſs to interrupt maſtication. Afterwards he undertook to drink (for another wager) twelve quarts of ale in ſix draughts within four hours; he performed it in three, with the addition of a ſmall live mouſe, which a miſchievous wag put into his laſt flaggon.

September 5. John Hoole, a hair-dreſſer, of Twickenham, for a wager ran from the Three Tuns at that place to Hyde Park Corner, (ten miles) in one hour and 18 minutes. Fifteen pounds to ten was betted that he did not do it in an hour and a half, as he is very ſhort in ſtature, and remarkably bandy-legged.

A NARRATIVE *of the* SUFFERINGS *of Lieutenant* GEORGE SPEARING, *who lived* SEVEN NIGHTS *in a* COAL-PIT, *without any ſuſtenance, except ſome Rain-water.*

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

AS I conceive the following narrative will be deemed intereſting by many of your readers, your inſerting it will oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

April 29, 1794.

ON Wedneſday, September 13, 1769, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, I went into

into a little wood called Northwoodſide (ſituated between two and three miles to the N. W. of Glaſgow) with a deſign to gather a few hazel-nuts. I think that I could not have been in the wood more than a quarter of an hour, nor have gathered more than ten nuts, before I unfortunately fell into an old coal pit, exactly ſeventeen yards deep, which had been made through a ſolid rock I was ſome little time inſenſible. Upon recovering my recollection, I found myſelf ſitting (nearly as a taylor does at his work) the blood flowing pretty faſt from my mouth; and I thought that I had broken a blood veſſel, and conſequently had not long to live; but, to my great comfort, I ſoon diſcovered that the blood proceeded from a wound in my tongue, which I ſuppoſed I had bitten in my fall. Looking at my watch, (it was ten minutes paſt four) and getting up, I ſurveyed my limbs, and to my inexpreſſible joy, found that not one was broken. I was ſoon reconciled to my ſituation, having from my childhood thought that ſomething very extraordinary was to happen to me in the courſe of my life; and I had not the leaſt doubt of being relieved in the morning; for, the wood being but ſmall, and ſituated near a populous city, it is much frequented, eſpecially in the nutting ſeaſon, and there are ſeveral foot-paths leading through it.

Night now approached, when it began to rain, not in gentle ſhowers, but in torrents of water, ſuch as is generally experienced at the autumnal equinox. The pit I had fallen into was about five feet in diameter; but not having been worked for ſeveral years, the ſubterranean paſſages were choaked up, ſo that I was expoſed to the rain, which continued, with very ſmall intermiſſions, till the day of my releaſe; and, indeed, in a ſhort time, I was completely wet through. In this comfortleſs condition I endeavoured to take ſome repoſe. A forked ſtick that I found in the pit, and which I placed diagonally to the ſide of it, ſerved alternately to ſupport my head as a pillow, or my body occaſionally, which was much bruiſed; but, in the whole time I remained here, I do not think that I ever ſlept one hour together. Having paſſed a very diſagreeable and tedious night, I was ſomewhat cheared with the appearance of day-light, and the melody of a robin red-breaſt that had perched directly over the mouth of the pit; and this pretty little warbler continued to viſit my quarters every morning during my confinement; which I conſtrued into a happy omen of my future deliverance; and I ſincerely believe the truſt I had in Providence, and the company of this little bird, contributed much to that ſerenity of mind I conſtantly enjoyed to the laſt. At the diſtance of about 100 yards, in a direct line from the pit, there was a water-mill. The miller's houſe was nearer to me, and the road to the mill was ſtill nearer. I could frequently hear the horſes going this road to and from the mill; frequently I heard human voices; and I could diſtinctly hear the ducks and hens about the mill. I made the beſt uſe of my voice on every occaſion; but it was to no manner of purpoſe: for the wind, which was conſtantly high, blew in a line from the mill to the pit, which eaſily accounts for what I heard; and at the ſame time my voice was carried the contrary way.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The

The Natural History *of the* Cuckoo.

THE cuckoo may certainly be claſſed with the *knowing ones* among the feathered tribe. It is produced and nurtured by fraud and ſtratagem, and robs the legitimate off-ſpring of its ſuppoſed parent, of their exiſtence; quartering their ſpurious brood upon a ſtep-mother, who innocently imagines them to be her genuine iſſue, and rears them with tenderneſs and aſſiduity.

To adopt a familiar phraſe among the gentlemen of the turf, cuckoos know very well what birds are to be *done*, and make it the principal buſineſs of their lives to *do* them. The female cuckoo makes no neſt of her own: ſhe repairs to the neſt of ſome other bird, generally the water-wagtail or hedge-ſparrow; and, having devoured the eggs of the owner, lays her own in their place. She uſually lays but one, which is ſpeckled, and of the ſize of a blackbird's. This the fond foolish bird hatches with great attention, and, when excluded, finds no difference in the great ill-looking changling from her own. To ſupply this voracious creature, the credulous nurſe toils with unuſual diligence, not knowing that ſhe is feeding up an enemy to her race, and one of the moſt deſtructive robbers of her future progeny.

It was once doubted whether cuckoos were carnivorous; but Reaumur was at the trouble of breeding up ſeveral, and found they would not feed upon bread or corn; but fleſh and inſects were their favourite nouriſhment. Their gluttony is not to be wondered at, when we conſider the capacity of their ſtomach, which is enormous, and reaches from the breaſt-bone to the vent.

If the bird we are deſcribing cannot boaſt much variety and beauty of plumage, it is conſpicuous for the lightneſs and elegance of its form, and for its peculiar habits. This ſingular creature, which is ſomewhat leſs than a pigeon, and of a greyiſh colour, is diſtinguiſhed from all other birds by its round prominent noſtrils. Having diſappeared all the winter, it diſcovers itſelf in our country early in the ſpring, by its well-known call. Its note is heard earlier or later, as the ſeaſon ſeems to be more or leſs forward, and the weather more or leſs inviting. From the chearful voice of this animal, the farmer may be inſtructed in the real advancement of the year. His note is pleaſant, though uniform; and, from an aſſociation of ideas, ſeldom occurs to the memory without reminding us of the ſweets of ſummer.

The cuckoo, when fledged and fitted for flight, follows its ſuppoſed parent but for a little time: its appetite for inſect food increaſing, as it finds no great chance for a ſupply in imitating its inſtructor, they part in friendſhip, the ſtep-child ſeldom offering any violence to its nurſe. All the little birds of the grove, however, ſeem to conſider the young cuckoo as an enemy, and revenge the cauſe of their kind by their repeated inſults: they purſue it wherever it flies, and oblige it to take ſhelter in the thickeſt branches of ſome neighbouring tree: all the ſmaller birds form the train of its purſuers; but the wryneck, in particular, is found the moſt active in the chaſe; whence it has acquired the names of the cuckoo's attendant and provider. But it is very far from following with a friendly intention; it only purſues

ſuts as an inſulter, or a ſpy to warn all its little companions of the cuckoo's depredations.

Such are the manners of this bird, whilſt it continues to reſide, or be ſeen among us. But early, at the approach of winter, it totally diſappears; and its paſſage cannot be traced to any other country. Some are of opinion that it lies hid in hollow trees, and others that it paſſes into warmer climates. Which of theſe opinions are beſt founded, ſeems very uncertain, as there are no facts related on either ſide which can fully be relied upon. To ſupport the opinion that they remain torpid during the winter, at home, Willoughby introduces the following ſtory, which he delivers upon the credit of another:

"The ſervants of a gentleman in the country having ſtocked up in one of their meadows, ſome old dry rotten willows, thought proper, on a certain occaſion, to carry them home. In heating a ſtove, two logs of his timber were put into the furnace beneath, and fire applied as uſual: but ſoon, to the great ſurpriſe of the family, was heard the voice of a cuckoo, ſinging three times from under the ſtove. Wondering at ſo extraordinary a cry in winter time, the ſervants ran and drew the willow-logs from the furnace, and, in the midſt, one of them ſaw ſomething move: wherefore taking an axe they opened the whole, and thruſting in their hands, firſt they plucked out nothing but feathers: afterwards they got hold of a living animal; and this was the cuckoo, that had waked ſo very opportunely for its own ſafety."

"It was, indeed," continues our hiſtorian, "briſk and lively, but wholly naked, and bare of feathers, and without any winter proviſion in its hole. The boys kept this cuckoo alive two years afterwards in the ſtove; but whether it repaid them with a ſecond ſong, the author of the tale has not thought fit to inform us."

The moſt probable opinion on this ſubject is, that as quails and woodcocks ſhift their habitations in winter, ſo alſo does the cuckoo; but to what country it retires, or whether it has ever been ſeen on its journey, are queſtions which we are wholly incapable of reſolving.

In different parts of the world, many varieties of this bird are to be found, but differing in their ſhape and colours. Latham mentions forty ſpecies: a large ſpotted cuckoo appears in the ſouth of Spain, and a black creſted ſpecies at the Cape of Good Hope. Only the common and ſpotted cuckoo have been ſeen in Europe.

General Rules *to be obſerved in* Angling.

An angler ſhould poſſeſs much patience and reſignation: and muſt neither be dejected with bad luck, nor elated with good; well knowing that he cannot always be equally ſucceſsful.

He ſhould ſhelter himſelf, as much as poſſible, from the ſight of the fiſh, for they are timorous and ſhy; when he angles for a trout, he need not make any more than one or two trials for him in the ſame place, for in that time he will either take it, or wholly reject it.

Cloaths of a glaring colour ſhould not be worn by the angler, as being more diſcernible and alarming to the aquatic tribe. He muſt be careful to have his tackle neat, and his baits in the greateſt perfection.

The

The best times for angling are from April to October; and the best time of the day, from three till nine in the morning; and three in the evening till sun-set. The south wind is the best to angle in; next to that is the west; the cooler these winds blow, in the hottest months, is the best time to fish.

If you angle in an easterly wind, your labour will be in vain; if it blows from any other point, provided it be not too sharp, you may have success. Always remember that fish will never bite before a shower of rain.

The best time to take trout, and other fish with the ground line, is morning and evening, in clear weather and water; but when the day is cloudy, or the water muddy, you may angle the whole day.

An angler may catch great plenty of fish, in a dark, close, gloomy, or lowering day, if the wind is southerly; and, as the poet says, when

> "The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
> "By such as wander thro' the forest walks,
> "Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves."

If there happens to be a hoar-frost, either in the spring, or advancing of the season, fish will not bite on those days, except in the evening.

After a dark, cloudy, or windy night, little sport can be expected the next day in catching large fish, and especially with regard to trout: for in those nights they range about to prey upon the smaller kinds; but if the night should be rendered brilliant by the shining of the moon and stars, and the day following be gloomy, dark, and overcast, much sport may be depended on; for the fish are then as timorous as on sun-shiny days, and never stir from their holds; having therefore abstained from food all night, they are become hungry and eager; and, encouraged by the darkness and gloominess of the day, venture to range about, and bite with appetite and courage.

In order to learn what ground-bait is to be preferred for the respective fish you mean to kill, open the stomach of the first you take, and, finding on what he fed last, bait accordingly.

If the angler pursues his sport in a pond, he should prefer a spot near the fords where cattle are accustomed to drink. In rivers, if he angles for breams, he should make choice of the quietest and deepest parts; for eels, under trees hanging over banks; for chubs, in deep shaded holes; for pearch, in scours; for roaches in winter, in the deeps, at all other times where it is proper to angle for perch; and for trout in rapid streams.

It is good angling in whirlpools, under bridges, at the falls of mills, and in any place where the water is deep and clear, and not disturbed with either wind or weather; also at the opening of sluices and mill dams.

The angler who fishes for roach, dace, &c. in a stream, must cast his ground bait above his hook; and he must always remember to plumb his ground.

When he has struck a good fish, he should keep his rod bent, which will prevent the fish from running to the end of the line, whereby it might break its hold.

Rely not on the strength of your rod and line, when you

have hooked a good fish; but always use your landing net.

Your rod should not be kept too dry, or too moist; as the one will render it brittle, and the other rotten. In sultry weather, always wet the joints of your rod to make them adhere; if by being too wet they should stick so as not to be easily moved, never use force, nor attempt to strain the rod; but turn the ferrel of that joint which is fast, a few times over the flame of a candle, and it will separate.

In rainy weather, or when the season for fishing is over, repair whatever damage your tackle may have sustained.

Never fish in any water that is not common, without the leave of the owner, which is seldom refused to any but those who do not deserve it.

If at any time you happen to be overheated with walking, or other exercise, avoid small liquors, (water especially) as you would poison. A glass of rum or brandy may then be necessary; the instantaneous effects of which, in cooling the body, and quenching thirst, are almost incredible.

Historical Essay on the Chase.

Continued from page 319.

XEnophon not less great as a philosopher than as a general, after his justly famous retreat with ten thousand, retired to Sillontum, where he built a chapel to Diana, amusing himself with his sons and his friends in the sports of the chase. It was also there that he composed his works, particularly what he has wrote on hunting, a diversion of which he was very fond, and which he celebrates with becoming praise. He thought that this exercise formed the best soldiers; that there is neither art nor profession which bears more resemblance and proportion with war than hunting; that it habituates men to cold, to heat, to fatigues; that it kindles courage, elevates the soul, invigorates the body, makes the limbs more pliant and agile, the senses more acute; that it retards old age, and that the pleasure it procures is a sovereign remedy against uneasiness of mind. "The chase," says a celebrated modern author, "fortifies the heart as well as the body." The ancients made Diana the foe to love, and the allegory is perfectly just; the languors of love are felt only in indolent repose: violent exercise stifles all soft and tender sensations. In the forest, amid rural scenes, the lover and the hunter are so differently affected, that they form diverse images of the self-same objects. The shady groves, the fragrant bowers, the soft retreats of the former, are to the other only pastures for deer, or haunts of game; where nothing is heard by the one but nightingales, linnets, and warbling birds; the other fancies only the sound of the horn, and the yells of the hounds: one imagines only dryads and nymphs, the other only huntsmen, packs, and horses.

Lycurgus and Agesilaus were very solicitous that their huntsmen should be well treated on their return from the chase. The Spartans took delight in hunting-parties, and such as could not attend, lent their dogs and their horses to those who had none. The huntsmen of antiquity were ordinarily very devout; it was a tenet with them that the gods took pleasure in beholding men attach themselves to so innocent and

and salutary an exercise, and they consecrated the first fruits of their chase to their patron goddess, the chaste Diana.

The Romans, warriors from their birth, made hunting an important concern: it was the school in which all their great men were formed. Among that people every person might hunt, whether on his own estate, or on the lands of others. L. Æmilius presented the young Scipio with an hunting equipage equal to those of the kings of Macedonia; and, after the defeat of Perseus, Scipio spent in hunting all the time that the troops remained in that kingdom. "All the amusement of the Roman youth," says Pliny in his panegyric to Trajan, "and the school in which all their great commanders were formed, was the chase: at least, it may be advanced, that courage made them hunters, and ambition warriors."

The sports of the field were always considered, both by the Greeks and the Romans, as the source of health and glory, the pleasure of the gods, and the proper pastime for heroes and kings. Julius Cæsar, speaking in praise of the people of the north, says, that they are expert and attentive both in hunting and war; and he himself gave an elagant entertainment of hunting at Rome, which continued five days. Pompey, after having subjugated the Africans, introduced and exercised among them the sports of the chase. The Romans made use of a trap of an extraordinary kind: they laid mirrors in the track usually held by the dangerous animals, and while one of them was amusing himself in contemplating his fellow which he imagined he saw in the mirror, the hunters, concealed behind, or upon the neighbouring trees, drew upon them at their ease. The sepulchre of the Nasos, discovered near Rome, and which we find represented in the antiquities of Grævius, furnishes us with an example of this stratagem in hunting, and the same is also confirmed by a passage in Claudian.

The chase, according to Pliny, gave rise to monarchical states. In the earliest ages, says that historian, men had no private possessions. They passed their lives devoid of fear and envy, having no other enemies than the beasts of prey; the hunting of these was their sole occupation; so that he who exhibited most dexterity and force, naturally became chief of the hunters of his country, and presided in the assemblies they held for making a greater havoc among the ferocious animals; but, in the sequel, these troops of hunters began to contend for the places more abundant in game; they fought, and the vanquished remained in subjection to the victors; thus it was that dominations were formed. The first kings and the first conquerors, were accordingly hunters. The collection of Philippe d'Inville, presents us with numberless evidences drawn from antiquity in favour of the chase, and the encomiums that have been bestowed on it by Plato, Xenophon, Polybius, Pollux, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Seneca, Pliny the Younger, Justin, Symmachus, Vegetius, &c. This unanimous concurrence is a plain demonstration how highly the chase was regarded as useful to the prince, and to the young nobility, designed by their valour to be the support of the state.

The Laplanders neglect the cultivation of their grounds, to live

live only on game and fish. The Tartars also draw the whole of their subsistence from the chase and their hares: when there is a scarcity of game, they eat their horses, and drink the milk of their mares. The curious letters of their missionary jesuits in China, contain relations of hunting-parties made by whole armies, consisting of several thousands of men. They are extremely frequent among the Mongoles. The Indians of America are continually hunting, while their women are employed in domestic concerns. Whenever these savages undertake long journies, they carry with them no store of provisions, but entirely depend for subsistence on the fruits that nature abundantly offers them on every side, or on the beast they shall kill on their way. It may be affirmed, that one half of the inhabitants of the world at present, live only on the produce of the chase.

Our first kings reserved to themselves the great forests of the kingdom; and in these they passed whole seasons in following the sports of the field. We read in Gregory of Tours, that king Gontran, became so jealous of his chase, that it cost three of his courtiers their lives for having killed a buffalo without his leave. He was, at that time, in the mountains de Vauges, where he had made one of these reservations for hunting. Charlemagne and his first successors had no fixed abode, on account of the pleasure of hunting in various places. These monarchs passed the whole of their reign in going successively from Aix-la-Chapelle to Aquitaine, and from the palace of Casenveil to that of Veiberie, in Picardy.

All the general assemblies of the nation, or the great parliaments where the kings presided in person over all that was illustrious among the French, were regularly terminated by a party of hunting. The lovers of that amusement being desirous of chusing a saint, under whose auspicies they might celebrate their feast, they claimed, with all France, the patronage of St. Martin; afterwards, that kingdom having changed its protector, the hunters but partially adopted St. Denis, whom all the orders of the state had chosen. They would have a patron who had shewn the same taste, and had practised their exercise; they therefore had recourse to St. Hubert, whose call from heaven, it is pretended, was announced to him by an apparition he had, while hunting of a stag, that bore a cross between his antlers. The festival of this saint, which falls at present on the third of November, has suffered some variations, or, rather, the body of the saint having had several translations, each of them has been kept as a festival. Accordingly, there was a feast of St. Hubert in April, one in May, which is the true time of his death; another in November, which is that still retained, and finally one in December.

(To be continued.)

Defence *of the* Game Laws.

Extracted from the Laureat's Introduction *to his* Essays *on* Sporting.

RURAL diversions, when followed in a liberal manner, are particularly useful in this island; where from the nature of

of our government, no man can be of consequence without spending a large portion of his time in the country, and every additional inducement to this mode of life is an additional security to our freedom and independence. I much question whether our morals, or even our manners, are greatly improved by that style of living which empties our country seats to fill the metropolis, or the large provincial towns; and whether the manly character, which once distinguished the Englishman, has not suffered more on the side of firmness and integrity, than it has gained on that of politeness and elegance, by sacrificing the rough sports of the field to the softer amusements of the assembly and card-table.

I know the laws which are in force to preserve those animals which are the object of this diversion, are severely attacked by the sentimental novel-writers of the present time; writers who, without invention, honour, or real knowledge of mankind, dress up some improbable tale with affected maxims of fine feelings, and exquisite sensibility; and endeavour to weaken the hearts, inflame the passions, and mislead the understandings of the rising generation. These abound with horrid stories of the young and ingenuous peasant torn from his weeping parents, and his distracted bride; and either hurried into a loathsome dungeon, or banished to an unhealthy climate, only for the murder of a hare or a partridge.

But I will venture to say, there is hardly a day-labourer in the kingdom that may not, in a reasonable manner, be indulged with the use of these animals by a proper application; and if he is fond of the diversion they afford, and chuses to be rather idly busy, than industriously so, he may perfectly satisfy himself by attending the hounds or greyhounds of the 'squire, or assisting the game-keeper with his gun. But that laws should be made to prevent the man, whose family depends entirely on his labour for support, from quitting his flail, his plough, or his spade, to range the woods for the destruction of animals which afford a noble and manly diversion to their proprietor, I can conceive no more inconsistent with justice, than that he should be prevented from entering the orchard, or the hen-roost.

As the beasts of the forest, and the fruits of the soil, are equally common in a state of nature, so I see no reason why they may not be equally appropriated in a state of civil society: and I appeal to any person really conversant in these kinds of facts, if he knows a single instance of one of those men, commonly called poachers, whose profession is a violation of the game laws, and against whom alone they are ever executed with any severity, whose character and sufferings could entitle him to a tear, even from that most sentimental of all sentimental heroes, "the man of feeling" himself.

While I am thus defending the general principle of our game laws, I do not mean to stand forth as their champion in every respect: they want great alteration, as to the objects both of their penalties and exemptions; and I trust the time is not far distant when they will receive it from the wisdom and authority of parliament.

A SPORT-

A Sporting General's Dispatches.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

If you think the following letter from a military gentleman to his friend (from whom he had borrowed a few dogs for a courfing excurfion) worthy a place in your valuable Magazine, the infertion will oblige,

Your Old Correfpondent,
J. J. B.

Shotwich, Herts, March 25.

Sir,

I have the honour to inform you, that I moved with the detachment you were pleafed to intruft me with, confifting of three greyhounds, two fetters, and four couple of harriers, at day-break of the 18th inftant, the weather being rather unfavourable, prevented my reaching Hare Hill till feven A. M. where I received information from Hector (whom I had previoufly difpatched on a reconnoitering expedition), of the enemy being lodged in a large thicket, ftrongly defended by gorze, enormous bufhes, a large ditch in front, and other redoubtabled entrenchments. As I wifhed to difpofe of the force you had entrufted me with to the beft advantage, I commanded the veteran Cæfar to watch an entrance into the redoubt; Alexander to fecure a retreat that feemed very eligible down a narrow lane, while Nero, Clytus and Brutus formed a fimilar defence in an oppofite quarter; the reft headed by old Ventidius, I placed as a "corps de referve" to the whole, at the fame time forming a very formidable circumvallation; and thus arranged, I judged an efcape wholly impracticable. The enemy finding every retreat cut off by this more than trio of Chevaux-de-frize, preferved a profound filence, fo as to leffen my belief of the truth of Hector's report, whofe age and length of fervices have rather obfcured his fagacity; I however began firing fome fmall fhot, though rather from a motive to terrify, than any intent of carnage; this had an effect inimical to my wifhes, for fome rebel inhabitants in my rear, (confifting of a few and nine pigs) left their dwelling with fuch velocity as, (by a coup-de-main) to divert the attention of Brutus and Cæfar, by which two retreats were vacated, the enemy efcaped, and thereby a glorious opportunity of doing honour to the Nimrodian arms was unfortunately loft. However, while I regret the failure of this manœuvre, it is fome confolation to find, that had it fucceeded, the achievement would have been nothing more than an ancient rabbit, the callou fnefs and pufillanimity of which would have difgraced your table, and degraded my arms. After annihilating the pig-ftye (which I fhould be forry you would deem lefs reconcileable with humanity than the love of the chace), I detached Hector on a defultory expedition towards the weft of Reynard-Wood, with a view of diflodging an old fox, who has long baffled the united efforts of horfe, dog, and gun; and whofe ftrength and cunning feem to increafe with his fuccefs. In this I was alfo unfuccefsful, for his firmnefs is of that tenacious nature, as muft render him invincible; in vain I tried every means human wifdom could fuggeft, in order to allure him to an open decifive

attack,

attack, and at laſt called in my advanced and flanking parties, and marched them off the ground in good order, with no other acquiſition than this leſſon, that lenient, not compulſive meaſures, ſeem moſt likely to facilitate the deſired purpoſe.

A combination of difficulties then ſucceeded; a diluvion ſhower added to bad and almoſt inacceſſible roads, to increaſe which poor Hector grew almoſt blind by fatigue and want of food, (it being then three and a half P. M.) Cæſar in a ſimilar predicament, Nero with a thorn in his foot, Alexander and Clytus in ſtrong contention for an almoſt fleſhleſs bone the former had accidentally picked up; my ammunition nearly exhauſted, and what was left rendered uſeleſs by the late heavy rains; to complete which, my Roſinante was become ſpiritleſs and tired, when luckily I eſpied a manſion, apparently a mile from my then ſituation, but on enquiry found there was no other acceſs to it then by a circumjacent road, at leaſt three miles by computation. Night appearing, and myſelf thus ſituated, I found a guide would be eſſential to my own and dogs preſervation, therefore engaged a ſtranger then fortunately paſſing, the ſmall expence of which, when weighed with the neceſſity, cannot but meet your concurring acquieſcence. Thus aſſiſted and ſupported, by an inſuperable perſeverance and magnanimity, we reached the deſired abode about nine at night, after having ſurmounted innumerable and moſt ineffable impediments. Our ſojourn in theſe quarters will not be any longer than the return of our ability to renew the chace which, I have every reaſon to hope, will be equally ſpeedy, with an opportunity of reſtoring verdure to Laurels that have been tinged only from the phyſical and untoward incidents of the day. It would be a want of gratitude not to expreſs my hearty commendations of the zeal and avidity ſhewn by every dog under my command; if there was any contention, it aroſe from a natural impulſe, a becoming emulation in the chaſe, which ſhould be moſt forward in obeying him who has the honour to be

Sir, Yours, &c.

NAT. NIMROD.

P. S. I ſend this diſpatch by an old tenant of yours, to whoſe care and attention (as guide), I am indebted for our preſervation; and while I recommend him to your notice, muſt alſo refer you to him for farther information.

DEATHS *of* CELEBRATED STALLIONS.

BASTO, in the Duke of Devonſhire's ſtud, about the year 1723.

Bay Bolton, at Bolton Hall, Yorkſhire, 1736, aged 31.

Fox, in Lord Portmore's ſtud, in 1738, aged 23.

The Belgrade Turk, in poſſeſſion of S. Marmaduke Wyvill, about the year 1740.

Hartley's blind horſe at Middleton Tyas, Richmond, Yorkſhire, about the year 1741.

Childers, in the Duke of Devonſhire's ſtud, about the year 1741.

Partner, at the latter end of the year 1747, aged 29.

Crab, on Chriſtmas Day 1750, aged 28.

The

The Godolphin Arabian, at Hogmagog, 1753, aged 29.

Cade, at Eastby, Richmond, Yorkshire, 1756, aged 22.

Bolton Starling, at North-Milford, Yorkshire, March 24, 1756, aged 29.

Snip, at Kenton Northumberland, May, 8, 1757, aged 21.

Young Cade, at Middleton Tyas, Richmond, Yorkshire, Nov. 27, 1764, aged 17.

Tortoise, at Scarbro', by a mare breaking his leg, 1776, aged 14.

Ampheon, about the year 1777.

Le Sang, about the year 1777.

Marske, in July 1779, aged 29.

Herod, at Newmarket, May 12, 1780, aged 21.

Matchem, at Bywell, Hexham, Northumberland, Feb. 21, 1781, aged 33.

Morwelk Ball, at Mr. Pevers's, Scholes Park, Aberford, Yorkshire, Jan. 4, 1787. aged 25.

Chrysolite, at York, in the summer 1788, aged 25.

Eclipse, at Cannon's, Surry, Feb. 26, 1789, aged 25.

Goldfinder, in 1789, aged 25

Conductor, in August, 1790, aged 23.

Taggergill in August, 1791, aged 25.

Paymayster, at Field House, Darlington, Durham, in 1791, aged 25.

Florizel, the latter end of the year 1791, aged 23.

S. Pepper, at Mr. Robson's, Brumpton, Richmond, Yorkshire, Jan. 15, 1793.

Mercury, in the spring, at Ld. Egremont's, Petworth Hall, Sussex, 1793, aged 15.

Tandem, at Mr. Tattersall's, Highflyer Hall, Ely, Cambridge, in February, 1793, aged 20.

Highflyer, at Mr. Tattersall's, Highflyer Hall, Ely, Cambridgeshire, Oct. 18, 1793, aged 19.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SPORTING CONTRASTS *and* HUMAN VICISSITUDES *of the* PRESENT DAY.

(La fortune passe par toute.)

ONE of the greatest characters upon the turf, who formerly possessed some of the most valuable and successful horses in the kingdom, and won repeatedly stakes and matches of a THOUSAND POUNDS each, is now walking the streets overwhelmed with *depression*, forsaken by every friend, abandoned by every associate, without the consoling sensation of mental integrity, to alleviate the mortifying moment of retrospection, or a single ray of relief beyond the desponding exclamation of,

" I am but MAN, and FATE do thou dis-
" pose of me."

A VERY few years has constituted a contrast of a different kind, for whilst we contemplate the strange vicissitudes that establish one part of the picture of life, an instantaneous transposition of the eye comes into immediate contact with Agamemnon, who within the memory of *hundreds* now living, visited the various races in the vicinity of the metropolis by no other conveyance than his *pedestrian* indefatigability; where covered with dust, and most wretchedly apparelled, he preyed upon the lower classes of indigence and rusticity, by *pricking* in the *belt*, *hustling* in the *hat*, *slipping* a *card*, and every species of deception. His *industry*, aided by a rigid adherence to sobriety, and an introduction to company (with an improved address) by the variety of *Jackalls* retained for the selection of *Pigeons*, has, with the advantage

advantage of *superior penetration*, and *manual dexterity* at certain fashionable games, (with an accurate and succesful calculation of the odds in *private* and *public*) amassed a mine of wealth, that is very generally estimated at no less an aggregate, than *one hundred thousand pounds*: "Oh shame, where is thy blush!" And who shall dare arraign the dispensations of PROVIDENCE, when *hundreds* of industrious mechanics, the fathers of wretched families, are lingering within the dreary walls of various *prisons* in this LAND OF LIBERTY for debts of *ten pounds*. "The wretch of *today* may be happy *to-morrow*," was never more truly verified than in a recent instance of notoriety. But a very short time since, (for it is alive in every memory) a suit was instituted in one of the courts to obtain satisfaction in damages for the *seduction* of, and *elopement* with the *wife* of a most intimate friend, who had admitted the delinquent to all the comforts of domestication, all the humane and gentle offices of HOSPITALITY. The sentiments of an IMPARTIAL jury coincided with the general opinion of an INDIGNANT public, and national plaudits succeeded a VERDICT for the PLAINTIFF with *ten thousand pounds* damages. So great was the shock of encountering the torrent of *public contempt*, that a trip to the continent was adopted in search of such *waters of Lethe* as might bury both the CAUSE and EFFECT in *oblivion*. In this he has happily succeeded beyond the most eager hope and expectation he could possibly have formed, for the last month has seen him take his seat in the SENATE of his country, and salute the hand of his SOVEREIGN. O Tempora! O Mores!

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE is so eternal in its revolutions, and the WOMB OF TIME so incessantly pregnant and replete with unexpected events, that it can create but little surprise to see one who was but a very few years *a performer* upon the boards of *a theatre*, now *a performer* in one of the greatest offices under administration, with a salary of *five hundred* pounds per annum; or that his then MANAGER, (who before practised the vocation of a *tallow chandler*) should now roll in his carriage with a *pension* from GOVERNMENT, for inventing a plan for the more *speedy destruction* of the most VALUABLE and *ill-used* part of the CREATION.

IT is not an easy task to decide whether the school of PROSPERITY or *adversity* affords the most expressive lessons for instruction. So various are our pursuits, so variegated our passions, and so very versatile our dispositions, that many who can bear with serenity the chilling blasts of *adversity*, become preternaturally exhilirated to a threatning degree of *insanity*, by a powerful ray of approaching PROSPERITY.——Concise and recent instance!——*A noble earl* kissing the hand of his KING in the morning, and *boxing* at a tavern in the evening. ARTES HONORABIT!

"THERE is a critical minute in every man's life (says Mrs. Centlivre) which if he can but lay hold of, he may make his fortune:" of this incontrovertible fact, we have hourly accumulating instances. In the SPORTING world, many who were comparatively mendicants, now *sport* their CURRICLES, and "SPORTING LADIES for their *evening amusement*." NEWMARKET JOCKIES who

who originally emerged from the obscure walls of a cottage in the characters of *stable boys*, have industriously (and no doubt *honestly*) realized from *ten* to *twenty thousand* pounds. In the mechanical world the same variety of changes are every day perceptible: for at the present moment one of the first manufacturers in the metropolis, was originally *a porter* (from the country) in the very house where he now sports all the gaities of *polished* domestic ornaments; and VICE VERSA, one of the first and most respectable merchants in the city of London, is soliciting charitable contributions from his fellow citizens, through the medium of a *public print*, and dated from that dreary abode, the confines of a PRISON. If we advert to POLITICAL changes, the versatility of the times become equally conspicuous, and equally excite our admiration; as an instance applicable to the moment, let us enjoy a retrospective allusion to that citizen of eminence, who first became obnoxious to administration by bursting forth a blaze of PATRIOTISM in defence of the RIGHTS of the PEOPLE, and stemming the *torrent* of *tyranny* in the final obliteration of GENERAL WARRANTS; personally suffering every persecution the severity of the *times* and the *spirit* of *party* could inflict with IMPUNITY to reduce him to a state of *degradation*. As if by supernatural interposition, he immerged from a long and dreary confinement an object of idolization with the PEOPLE, and arose superior to all the malicious designs of his inveterate oppressors; was elected to, and passed through all the offices of MAGISTRACY and HONOR in the first city in the world, and at this moment basks in the sunshine of that ROYAL FAVOR his *firm* and *manly* intrepidity (heretofore) so very much offended.——FIDE et FORTITUDINE.

(To be continued.)

INSTRUCTIONS *negatively conveyed for the Disposition of the Body in* DRAWING *the* BOW.

IT is impossible says Mr. Moseley, to give a written description in what manner the body should be held while shooting in the common way, as it varies in almost every instance. It is much less difficult to direct what attitudes should be avoided; for there are many more ways of doing wrong than right. Ascham has delineated the several awkward and inelegant positions in which the archers in his time shot; and as it would be impossible for me to paint them in my own language so well as he has done, I shall copy the passage.

"All the discommodytes which ill custom has graffed in archers, can neither be quickly pulled out, nor yet soon be reckoned by me, there be so many. Some shooteth his head forwarde, as though he would byte the marke; another stareth with his eyes, as though they would flye out; another winketh with one eye, and looketh with the other; some make a face with wrything thyr mouth and countenance so as though they were doing you wotte what; another blereth oute his tongue; another byteth his lippes; another holdeth his necke awrye. In drawinge, some set such a compasse, as though they would turne aboute, and blesse all the field: other heave thyr hand now up, now down, that a man cannot discerne whereat they would shoote: another waggeth the

the upper end of his bow one way, the nether end another way. Another will ſtand pointing his ſhafte at the marke a good while, and by and by, he will give him a whippe, and away, or a man witte. Another maketh ſuch a wreſslinge with his gere, as though he were able to ſhoote no more as long as he lived. Another draweth ſoftlye to the middes, and by and by it is gone you cannot know howe. Another draweth his ſhaft low at the breaſt as though he would ſhoote at a roving marke, and by and by he lifteth his arme up pricke heyght. Another maketh a wrynching with his back, as though a man pinched him behinde. Another cometh downe, and layeth out his buttockes as though he would ſhoote at crowes. Another ſetteth forwarde his left legge, and draweth back with heade and ſhoulders, as though he pulled at a rope, or elſe were afrayed of the marke. Another draweth his ſhaft well, until within two fingers of the heade, and then he ſtayeth a little to loke at his marke, and, that done, pulleth it up to the heade, and lowſeth: which way, although ſome excellent ſhooters do uſe, yet ſhurelye it is a fault, and good mennes faults are not to be followed. Some draw ſo farre, ſome ſo ſhort, ſome ſo ſlowlye, ſome ſo quicklye, ſome hold over long, ſome let go over ſone. Some ſette theyr ſhafte on the grounde, and fetcheth him upwarde. Another pointeth up towards the ſkye, and ſo bringeth him downwards. Ones I ſaw a man which uſed a bracer on his cheke, or elſe he had ſcratched all the ſkinne off the one ſide of his face with his drawing hande. Another, I ſaw, which at every ſhote, after the looſe, lifted up his right legge ſo far, that he was ever in jeopardye of faulinge. Some ſtamp forwarde, and ſome leape backwarde. All theſe faultes be eyther in the drawinge, or at the looſe; with many mo, which you may eaſily perceyve, and ſo go about to avoide them. Now afterward, when the ſhaft is gone, men have many faultes, which evill cuſtome had brought them to; and eſpeciallye in cryinge after the ſhaft, and ſpeaking words ſcarce honeſt for ſuch an honeſt paſtime."

It is unneceſſary for me to repeat, that theſe faultes ſhould be avoided in learning to ſhoote, as they are not only extremely ungraceful, but alſo increaſe the difficulty of drawinge the bow.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AS a zealous advocate for every reformation that can at all contribute to the *health* and *caſe* of that noble branch of the animal creation, now become the object of protection to ſo truly great and reſpectable a body as the members of THE *veterinary college*, I beg to thank you for the admiſſion you gave to a few *remarks* under the ſignature of "A.B" dated "READING", in reply to ſuch of *mine* (previouſly ſuggeſted) as naturally occurred upon inveſtigating the ground work of the inſtitution, and the temporary diſquietudes that unluckily followed. It affords me no ſmall portion of exultation to obſerve, that thoſe remarks were evidently much more the effect of PERSONAL MALEVOLENCE than *patriotic purity*; the ſpot from which the effuſion *bears date* has always been conſidered, by MEN OF ABILITY, more

more adapted to the *spirit* of *trade* than the EFFORTS of GENIUS; yet it cannot but be truly flattering to my own feelings, that any exertion of mine should have extracted ONE AUTHOR from the very *center* of *dulness*: a circumstance that holds forth a *slight ray* of impending improvement, and will I doubt not, in the course of *a few centuries*, bring the INTELLECTS of the inhabitants into such state of *mediocrity*, as may rank, in some degree with a *certain class* of mankind, and entitle them to a small portion of *local* respectability. Particularly as they have already become a *little more known* by the *humbugging* visit of the famous *sans culotte* TOM PAINE, who will, beyond a doubt, present them with an improved plan of *fraternization*, should the restless and unhappy disturber of mankind ever *presume* to make a triumphal entry to———the *place of execution*.

RETORT COURTEOUS.

April 7, 1794.

Account of the GAMES *and* DIVERSIONS *of the* SPANIARDS.

From Modern Travellers.

THE Spaniards, for their public diversions, have plays, bull-fights, and national spectacles. Their private pleasures have something of the gravity, which appears, at last, in the exterior of their persons. The game to which the common people seem most attached, is a feeble and spiritless image of the games which kept the strength and address of the ancients in continual activity. It is called *El juego de la barra*, and consists in throwing a bar of iron to a certain distance.

People of fashion have recreations of another kind. In general they seldom assemble to eat at each others houses: a circumstance which doubtless contributes to their reputation for sobriety. They are little acquainted with the innocent and healthful pleasures of the country. Few of them are fond of the chace. The amusements of the country appear to have no attractions for the Spaniards: their country houses might easily be numbered. Among the rich individuals who inhabit the capital, there are, perhaps, not ten who love a country retreat. The rich subjects of the kingdom therefore concentrate all their pleasures within the cities. Music is one of those for which the Spaniards have the greatest taste, They cultivate this art with some success, though their national music has not made any great progress. They have many lovers of harmony, but few composers who deserve attention. They do the greatest justice to the grand compositions of Germany and Italy, which always form a part of their frequent concerts; but they hold the French music in the utmost detestation and contempt. *Bourgoanne's Tr.* II, 188.

The same author gives a particular account of the Fandango, a famous dance, at which foreigners are equally astonished and offended; but to which they speedily become more than partial. No sooner (says he) is this begun at a ball, than every countenance is animated, and even those who by their age and profession are most obliged to gravity, have much difficulty in preventing themselves from joining in the cadence. It is related, on this subject, that the court of Rome, scandalized that a country renowned for the purity

purity of its faith' ſhould not have long before proſcribed this profane dance, reſolved to pronounce its formal condemnation. A conſiſtory aſſembled, the proſecution of the fandango was begun, according to rule, and ſentence was about to be thundered againſt it, when one of the judges judiciouſly obſerved, that a criminal ought not to be condemned without being heard. The obſervation had weight with the aſſembly: the Spaniards were brought before it, and to the ſound of inſtruments, diſplayed all the graces of the Fandango. The ſeverity of the judges was not proof againſt the exhibition: their auſtere countenances began to relax; they roſe from their ſeats, and their arms and legs ſoon found their former ſuppleneſs; the conſiſtory-hall was changed into a dancing-room.

After ſuch a triumph it may be imagined that the remonſtrances of decency have but little effect: its empire ſeems to be firmly eſtabliſhed. It is, however, different according to the places in which it is practiſed. It is frequently called for at the theatre, and generally cloſes private dances. In theſe caſes the intention is no more than lightly indicated; but on other occaſions, when a few perſons aſſembled ſeem wantonly to ſhake off all ſcruples, the meaning is then ſo marked, that voluptuouſneſs aſſails the mind at every avenue; its incitements cauſe the heart of the modeſt youth to palpitate with deſire, and re-animate the deadened ſenſes of old age.

The fandango is danced by two perſons only, who never touch ſo much as the hand of each other; but when we view their reciprocal allurements, their retreats and approaches; when we obſerve the female in the moment when her languor announces an approaching defeat, ſuddenly acquire new courage to eſcape from her conqueror, who purſues her, and is purſued in his turn; the manner in which theſe emotions are expreſſed, by their looks, geſtures, and attitudes, it is impoſſible not to confeſs, with a bluſh, that theſe ſcenes are, to the real combats of Cytherea, what our military evolutions in peace are to the real diſplay of the art of war. *Bourgoanne's Tr.* II. 185.

Mr. Twiſs's account of this favourite dance, perfectly correſponds with the above. He ſays there are two kinds of Fandangos, though they are danced to the ſame tune; the one is the decent dance; the other is gallant, full of expreſſion; and as a late French author energetically expreſſes it *eſt mélée de certaines attitudes qui offrent un tableau continuel de jouiſſance. Twiſs Tr.* 156.

We have obſerved that the dancers of the Fandango never touch ſo much as the hand of each other; and the following remark of Mr. Swinburne will ſufficiently point out the reaſon: As their conſtitution (ſays he) may be ſaid to be made up of the moſt combuſtible ingredients, and prone to love in a degree that natives of more northern latitudes can have no idea of, the cuſtom of embracing perſons of the other ſex, which is uſed on many occaſions by foreigners, ſets the Spaniards all on fire. They would as ſoon allow a man to paſs the night in bed with their wives or daughters, as ſuffer him to give them a kiſs; and, indeed, I believe the ladies themſelves would look upon that favour as a certain

certain prelude to others of greater consequence. *Swinburne's Tr.* II. 196.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DIGEST *of the* LAWS *concerning* GAME.

(Continued from page 266.)

WILD DUCKS, WILD GEESE AND OTHER WATER FOWL.

BY the 25 *H.* 8, *c.* 11, it is enacted, that no person shall, between the last day of May, and the last day of August yearly, take or cause to be taken, any wild ducks, mallards, widgeons, teals, or wild geese, with nets or other engines, on pain of a year's imprisonment, and to forfeit for every fowl so taken 4d. half to the king, and half to him who shall sue by action of debt. The justices may also enquire of, hear, and determine the same, as in cases of trespass, *s.* 2. 3.

But by the same statute, any gentlemen, or other person, that may dispend 40s. a year of freehold, may hunt and take such wild fowl with their spaniels only without using any net or other engine, except the long bow, *s.* 4.

No person, from March 1, to June 30, shall take or destroy the eggs of any mallard, teal, or other water-fowl, on pain of a year's imprisonment, and of forfeiting for every egg one penny; half to the king, and half to him who will sue as before directed by this act, *s.* 5.

It is further enacted, by the 1 *Jac. c.* 27, *s.* 2, that every person who shall shoot at, kill, or destroy, with any gun or bow, any mallard, duck, teal, or widgeon, shall on proof by confession, or oath of two witnesses, before two justices, be committed to goal for three months, unless he pay to the church-wardens, for the use of the poor, 20s. for each fowl; or, after one month after commitment become bound by recognizance, with two sureties, before two justices, in 20l. each, not to offend again in like manner; which recognizance shall be returned to the next sessions.

And by the 9 *Ann, c.* 25, *s.* 4, if any person whatsoever *(between June* 1, *and Oct.* 1. *yearly, by* 10 G. 2. *c.* 32) shall by hays, tunnels, or other nets, drive and take any wild duck, teal, widgeon, or any other wild fowl commonly reputed water-fowl, in any place of resort for wild fowl in the moulting season, and shall be convicted thereof before one justice, by the oath of one witness, he shall for every such fowl forfeit 5s. half to the informer, and half to the poor of the parish where such offence shall be committed by distress, rendering the overplus above the penalty and charges of distress: for want of distress, the offender to be committed to the house of correction for any time not exceeding one month, nor less than fourteen days, to be whipt and kept to hard labour, and the nets to be seized and destroyed in the presence of the justice.

SPORTING *without a* LICENCE.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

WE are informed, by a Mr. and Mrs. White, on the blue cover of your last Miscellany, that their services and secrecy

crecy may be commanded in all cafes of illegitimate pregnancy: that their "endeavours continue invincibly fixed to preferve not only *reputation*, but the *little babe* from falling a facrifice to the uncharitable cenfure and derifion of ignorant, bafe, defamatory perfons."

Being a young woman in my teens, and having hitherto enjoyed an irreproachable character, (though in an unguarded hour my frail temperature tarnifhed my fair fame) I ftill had hopes that Mr. and Mrs. White would fhield me from the reproaches of the world, by fheltering me in one of their private lying-in apartments; that, by the next lunar revolution, I might have repaired to my friends *fola*, as juft returned from a vifit to a friend in the country; after having been furnifhed with a fpecioufly fabricated tale, to wipe off the fufpicions of the malignant, as well as of my family and connexions.

Elated with thefe reflections, I felt myfelf much confoled under my misfortunes; but how great was my chagrin, when, towards the bottom of the advertifement, I obferved the following *Nota Bene*:—Thofe *regardlefs of reputation*, will not upon any terms, be treated with."

Now, gentlemen, confidering myfelf prohibited, by thefe words, from feeking an afylum at Mr. White's, as I cannot prefume to fay that I have *not* been *regardlefs of reputation*, I am wholly at a lofs how to act upon this critical bufinefs.

As you are all *fportfmen*, and probably may have had dealings with Mr. White and Co. a good word from you may caufe them to relax from their wonted feverity, and they may kindly confent to harbour and relieve

Your *thriving* humble fervant,
REBECCA *Real*-PAD.

Turn-again-lane,
April 1, 1794.

P. S. I *long* to fee the above epiftle in the Sporting Magazine.

MANNER *of taking and killing the* PACOS.

THE Pacos very much refembles the Lama, or Camel of Peru, in figure, but is much fmaller. Its body is covered with very fine long wool, of the colour of dried rofes, or a dull purple; the belly is white. Thefe animals live in vaft herds, and inhabit the moft elevated parts of the higheft mountains, where they endure the utmoft rigour of froft and fnow. They are exceedingly fwift, and fo timid that it is very difficult to come near them.

The manner of taking them is fingular: the Indians tie cords, with fmall pieces of wool or cloth hanging from them, acrofs the narrow paffes of the mountains, about three or four feet from the ground: they then drive a herd of thefe creatures towards them; and they are fo terrified by the flutter or motion of the rags, that they are afraid to pafs; inftead of which they huddle together, and fuffer themfelves to be killed in great numbers.

Thefe animals may be domefticated; and, like the Lama, employed in carrying burdens from fifty to feventy-five pounds; but they will not fubmit to a greater weight. When overloaded they are very obftinate and capricious; and when once they lie down with their load, no blows can provoke them to rife. Their wool

wool is a valuable article of commerce, and is made into gloves, ſtockings, blankets, carpets, &c.

Induced by the great advantages derived from the wool of theſe creatures, the Spaniards attempted their introduction into Europe. Some of them were tranſported into Spain; but as the owners of them did not ſufficiently attend to the neceſſity of placing them in ſituations ſimilar to thoſe which they had always been accuſtomed to, the experiment proved unſucceſsful.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

IN reply to a requeſt in your Magazine for February laſt, reſpecting the cure of the mange in dogs, I have found the following always effectual; but the ſucceſs in a great meaſure depends on the ſervant to whom the care of the application is intruſted. I recommend to all lovers of that faithful animal to keep their kennel very clean; freſh water every day, and that they never eat their meſs too hot.

I am your humble ſervant,

Z. C.

Worceſter,
March 14, 1794.

Half a pint of train oil, one ounce of ſalt petre in powder, four ditto of ſulphur vivum in powder, ſpirits of turpentine and honey, each a table ſpoonful; all well mixed: to be rubbed in by the hand morning and evening.

I have been told live ſulphur diſſolved in warm water, and uſed as a bath, will cure the moſt inveterate mange.

*** *As the following Trial may not be unintereſting to many of our* TURF FRIENDS, *we inſert it for their information.*

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Sittings after Hilary Term, 1794,

BEFORE LORD KENYON.

MARSHALL, *v.* STURK, ESQ.

THIS was an action for work and labour done by the plaintiff, whilſt groom to the defendant.

Mr. Mingay, for the plaintiff, ſaid, he underſtood that the defendant would endeavour to prove, that his client did not ſerve the defendant in the capacity of groom, but as a rider; but he hoped he ſhould fully ſatisfy the jury that his client lived with Mr. Sturk as groom; and if ſo, he would be entitled to a verdict.

Several letters were read, written by the defendant to Marſhall, which ſhewed that the plaintiff had the care of Mr. Sturks running cattle at Newmarket, which letters alſo authoriſed the plaintiff to enter the defendant's horſes, and to make what bets he pleaſed, not exceeding 100l.

Thomas Kingſbury ſwore, that he was once groom to Mr. Sturk, that the uſual wages of a groom was 70l. a year, half a guinea board, and a hack horſe; the riders at Newmarket got five guineas if ſucceſsful: if not, three. The witneſs alſo ſwore, that Mr. Sturk's grooms often paid the reſt of the ſervants their wages.

Mr. Pigot, for the defendant, ſaid, that Marſhall was only employed as a rider; that he had charged Mr. Sturk at the uſual rate that riders are paid, and that the plaintiff could not recover

wages

wages as groom, in which capacity he never ſerved.

John Trip, ſervant to Mr. Sturk, ſwore that Marſhall rode his maſter's horſes—never was his groom: was preſent when his maſter offered Marſhall fifty guineas a year to live as groom, and take care of his hunters and race-horſes.

Edward Webſter, another ſervant, ſwore that Marſhall never was groom to the defendant, never directed what ſhould be done in the ſtable; heard Marſhall ſay he was not groom; but the witneſs aſked his wages from the plaintiff, ſuſpecting he was groom.

Lord Kenyon interrupted. I am ſorry to ſee ſuch evidence produced to ſupport this cauſe; this man has juſt now ſworn that the plaintiff never was groom to Mr. Sturk; and in the next moment he ſays he ſuſpected he was groom.—I am certain this gentleman muſt have been miſtaken in defending this action. I hope the counſel will proceed no further. The defendant is a man of the firſt family, and I ſuppoſe him to be a man of honour: his own letters fully ſupport the plaintiff.

Verdict for the plaintiff.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

Being a hunting one day this ſeaſon in Derbyſhire, I was witneſs to the following moſt extraordinary circumſtance:

We found a fox in good ſtyle, went away with him, and had a ſevere run of two hours and a half, when the hounds came to a ſudden check. After trying for a quarter of an hour to no purpoſe, one of the old hounds ran up to a dead ſheep, (which appeared to have been recently killed) and could not be prevented ſmelling about it, and ſometimes biting it. Every body was ſurpriſed at this, till the dog abſolutely gave tongue, and the whole pack came up, and tore the ſheep to pieces in a moment. But what was our aſtoniſhment, when reynard himſelf appeared, covered with the blood and entrails of the ſheep! He was of courſe immediately killed.

It ſeems, that running through a flock of ſheep, and finding himſelf very hard puſhed, and unable to go much farther, he had killed one, ripped open its belly, and ſecreted himſelf within, as the only means of ſaving his life.

The above may be authenticated by many who were preſent as well as myſelf. If you ſhould, gentlemen, think it worthy of a place in your entertaining Magazine, you will confer a great favour on a man, who ſincerely congratulates you on the ſucceſs your excellent work has met with, and who is proud to call himſelf

An Old Sportsman.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

As I ſee you record racing ſports of many years back, you may inſert the following, as an ingenious claim to a *plate*, at leaſt to a *heat* of it.

I am your's, &c.

Capt. Snugg.

April 11, 1794.

It is about forty years ago, that two horſes at Burford were running a very tight heat together; the

the one about fourteen hands, and a short made horse, the other upwards of fifteen, and proportionally long: the latter won by about a nose; but the rider of the other claimed the heat, as he *brought in his weight* first, his knee being before the rider's knee of the tall horse; but as *pars pro toto* is always considered, the head being then before the body, and the weight being on that body, the claim could produce nothing but credit to the jockey for his ingenuity.

About thirty years since, my father's mare Crimp, and a horse called Bosphorus, were running a hard heat for the plate at Oxford; at the coming in at the stand, it was so near, that there was great vociferation about the bets; which rather preponderated in favour of the horse. But a gentleman addressing himself to the subscribers, said, "that he was totally disinterested, never having laid a bet in his life; but so fond of the sport, that his whole attention was entirely directed to the motion of the horses, and the skill and manœuvres of the riders. As I stood, gentlemen," said he, "the mare was rather first," "Yes, answered they, "but it was at this corner of the stand we dispute about; it matters not at the corner you occupy." "Well," rejoined the gentleman, "are they not 4-mile heats?" "Yes!"—"Why, gentlemen, that heat was not compleat till they reached this corner, from which the clerk of the course started them."—The point was admitted, and the plate adjudged to the mare by means of this amicus compi equestrian.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

GENTLEMEN,

THE following may be depended upon as facts, and if inserted, you shall have more of the same nature.

I am your constant reader,
GALLOVIDIENSIS.

Mr. D—— being out hare-hunting, in full chase, came to a stone wall, where his horse made a stop: he pitched over the wall, lay for some time insensible, and upon recovering, found the hare laying dead under him.

Capt. G——, a celebrated sportsman, shot off the head of a woodcock; the bill stuck firm in the ground, and the body fell at least fifty yards distant.

I. M. a farmer, playing upon a fiddle in the fields, observed two hares, who seemed to notice the music; upon which he played quick time, and they immediately fell a dancing, and continued until he left of playing.

Mr. K—— fishing for salmon, threw over a rock; a cormorant swimming below, seized the fly, and he killed him.

RECENT LOTTERY ANECDOTE.

DURING the drawing of the late lottery, an *honest* Israelite went to J——'s insurance office, and told him he had dreamt the night before, that the number of his watch would be drawn a *prize* the following day, therefore desired he might insure it (which he was permitted to do) for three hundred guineas. As soon as the list was printed, *Moses* finding

finding his number *undrawn*, selected a *prize* the nearest to *it*, and had a *different cap*, with the number of the *prize* put to his watch. The next day *Mordecai* went to the office: "*So, so, Mr. J——*" says he, "*I have's got you as I; I shall tousha you for three hundred guinish.*" "No," replied J——, "your ticket is not come up." "O yes, yes, it *ish*," said the jew: "No," answered J——, "your number was 2364, and that ticket, by the commissioners list, is still in the wheel." "Oh, no, no, Mr. J——" says *Moses*, "that *ish* not the ticket—the ticket was the *naumber* of my *vartch*, and here *ish* my *vartch*; and you see the *naumber ish* 2346, so if you *makes mishtake*, and puts down the wrong *naumber*, that *ish nawthing* to me: therefore you must *pay* me the *monish*." After a deal of altercation, J—— agreed to pay the jew a hundred and fifty guineas, with which, seemingly satisfied he went away; but shortly returned with some more of his *tribe*, and demanded the remainder, which being refused, he threatened to apply to the lord mayor, and have J—— and his associates committed to bridewell. J——, though now fully sensible of the *fraud*, finding there was no alternative, but to *pay* the *money*, or go to *Mill Doll*, chose the former, and gave the *Israelites* the remaining hundred and fifty guineas, with which they departed highly pleased with having over-reached a *christian*, but still more, with having gained so considerable a *booty*.

I am,

Yours, &c.

SPINOSA.

ACCOUNT *of* NEWMARKET.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

GENTLEMEN,

IF you think the following worth inserting in your excellent Miscellany,

You will much oblige

Your's, &c.

C. W.

Newmarket Heath (the most spacious and principal horse course in the world) is situated at the west end of the town of Newmarket, in the counties of Cambridge and Suffolk, twelve miles east of Cambridge, and sixty miles nearly north of London. Races were in vogue in the eleventh century, and much frequented at Newmarket early in the reign of King Charles I, which town was embellished with a palace by King Charles II. The extensive ditch, commonly called the Devil's Ditch, was made by the East Angles, a kingdom founded by Uffa. It is related by Abbe Floriacensis, who lived in the ninth century, that the ditch was the boundary of their kingdom, by which they defended themselves against the incursions of the Mercians. The King's stables at Newmarket are the place of entrance, and the weighing place is at the king's stand.

FROM NEWMARKET TO

York — is —	162	MILES.
Lincoln —	98	
Nottingham —	98	
Chester —	184	
Ipswich —	40	
Epsom —	79	

FROM

FROM NEWMARKET TO

Lynn	— is —	42	MILES
Norwich	—	50	
Oxford	—	81	
Bury	—	14	
Canterbury	—	114	
Afcot Heath	—	87	
Yarmouth	—	72	
Bath	—	170	
Brighton	—	122	

REMARKABLE RACE.

THE following remarkable race was run at York, Auguft 24, 1784.

Eighty Pounds for horfes and give-and-take.—4 mile heats.

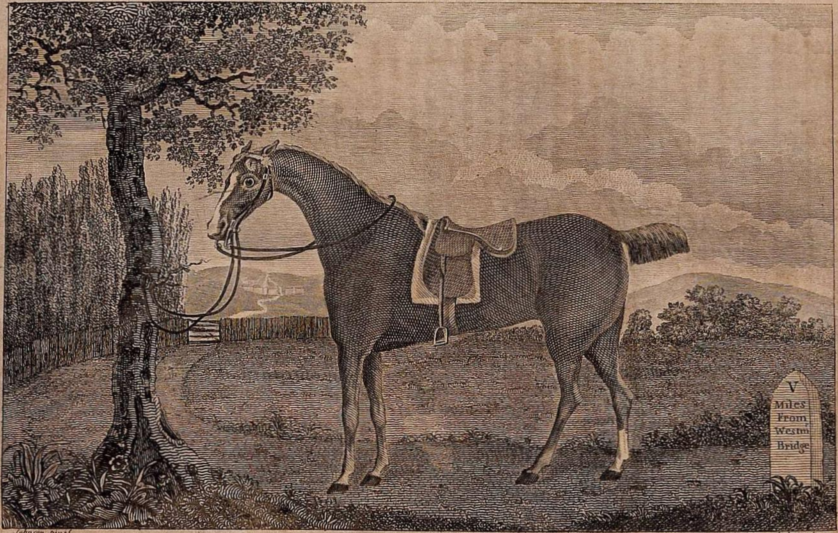
Mr. Stapleton's ch. c. Parlington, by Morwick Ball, dam by Matchem, 4 yrs old, 6ft. 10lb. 8oz.	0 3 2 1 1
Mr. Garforth's gr. colt, Young Pacolet, by Pacolet, dam by Matchem 4 yrs old 6ft. 8lb. 12oz.	0 4 1 2 2
Mr. Golding's b. c. Billy by the Vernon Arabian, 4 yrs old, 6ft. 5lb. 8oz.	4 1 dif
Mr. Allanfon's ro. c. Dufty Miller, by Sooth fayer, 3 yrs old, 6ft. 5lb. 4oz.	3 2 dif

Parlington the favourite, after the firft heat, 6 and 7 to 4 on Billy; after the fecond heat, 3 and 4 to 1 on Billy; after the third heat, 3 and 4 to 1 on Pacolet; after the 4th heat, 6 and 7 to 4 on Parlington. The firft heat was a good one betwixt the two firft; the fecond heat, Billy won eafy; Parlington led off for the third heat brifkly, which was an exceeding good one for the firft three miles, when Billy was thrown down, by a man croffing the courfe: this heat was won by Pacolet, feemingly eafy; the 4th heat, which was upwards of thirteen minutes in running, was won eafy by Parlington; the laft heat, though run in the dark, was run in lefs time, as fuppofed, than any of the former ones, and won by half a length, by Parlington.

PEDIGREE *and* PERFORMANCES *of* CAVENDISH.

CAVENDISH was bred by Mr. Fenton, and got by Young Morwick; his dam by Snap, Godolphin Arabian, Sedbury, Smith's fon of Snake, Montague, Hautboy, Brimmer. In 1787, Cavendifh, the property of Mr. Dennifon, (then called Quintus) beat Col. Ratcliffe's br. c. by Goldfinder, 7ft. 12lb. each, 2-miles, at York Spring Meeting, for 100gs. 5 to 1 on Quintus. The fame meeting he won 50l. for 3 and 4 yr olds, beating four others; 5 to 2 on Quintus. In 1788, Quintus, (then Mr. Fenton's) won 50l. for all ages, at New Malton, beating two others. At York Spring Meeting, he won the Stand Plate of 50l. beating Mr. Hutchinfon's Florizel, Ratler, and Young Tuberofe. In 1789, then called Cavendifh, (and the property of Mr. Baker) rode by Thomas Field, he won the King's 100gs at Newcaftle upon Tyne, beating at two moft capital heats, Lord A Hamilton's Spadille, (rode by John Mangles) at ftarting 6 to 4 on Spadille: after the heat 5 to 4 on Cavendifh. In the York Auguft Meeting he won the great fubfcription for 6 years old and aged horfes, beating Windleftone, Dubfkelper and Young Tuberofe. In 1790, he walked over for 50l. at Newcaftle-upon-Tyne. In the York

Auguft



Johnson pinx.t   Cook Sculp.

Portraiture of a Celebrated TROTTING MARE the property of Mr. OGDEN.

August Meeting he won the King's 100gs, beating Archibald. The Saturday following he won the Ladies's Plate at 2 heats, beating Mr. Wentworth's Actæon. In 1791, he won a Subscription of 10gs each, at York Spring Meeting, (5 subscribers) beating Abba Thulle. He won 50l. at Manchester, beating Pigeon and 2 others. He walked for 50l. at Morpeth, won 50l. at Dumfries, and walked over for the King's Plate at Perth. In 1792, he won 50l at Durham, beating Grog, who was drawn after the first heat. The same meeting he won 50l. beating the famous colt Huby, who was likewise drawn after the first heat. At Stockton he won 50l. beating at two heats, Tamerlane and Windlestone. The same meeting he won 50l. at 4 heats, beating Grog, Corporal, and Alexina, who was distanced the third heat. He is now a stallion at Huworth, near Darlington, Durham, at 3gs a mare, and 5s. the groom, blood mares; country mares at 2gs and 2s. 6d. each.

Mr. OGDEN's *celebrated* TROTTING MARE.

AT the immediate request of several gentlemen, to whom the exploits of this remarkable animal are well known, we have got executed, from a painting in the possession of the owner, the elegant engraving annexed, which we doubt not will be considered as another effort on our part to gain the approbation of all parties. From a variety of instances of this mare's performances in *trotting*, we select the following as the most extraordinary: she trotted 4 miles in 12 minutes and 14 seconds; 40 miles in 3 hours, carrying 14 stone; 10 miles in 33 minutes; and at another time, the same number of miles in 32 minutes: also 30 miles in 2 hours.

MRS. BROADHEAD'S MASQUED GALA.

*** *The following description of the elegant* MASQUED GALA *given by* MRS. BROADHEAD, *at her house in Portland Place, on Thursday, April 10th, to a select number of persons of fashion, certainly claims the notice of the Readers of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE, *and the Editor in consequence begs leave to present it them.*

THE tickets issued on this occasion, were in number about five hundred and fifty, and the company began to assemble about eleven o'clock.

The rooms appropriated for their reception were newly painted, and ornamented with flowers and various appropriate decorations.—Bands of music were stationed both above and below stairs.

The characters though not very numerous, were in general well supported. Black dominos being prohibited, blue ones were very numerous. Among those present were

The Prince in a blue domino; Mrs. Fitzherbert, in a black fancy dress—Countess of Mexborough in a fancy dress—Lady Augusta Clavering, a *house-maid*, modest in her repartee to those who were anxious to retain her—Lady Charlotte Campbell, a black gauze dress, with silver trimmings, and gracefully shaped to her lovely figure—Lady Tyrconnel, in a fancy dress—Lady Dashwood, a beautiful Turkish slave—Mrs. Ross, an Indian Princess, decked

decked in all the splendour and jewelry of the east—Mrs. Baldwin, a Grecian Beauty, in a crimson robe, lined with ermine—Lady Wallace in the dress actually worn by the Ottoman Minister, when presented at St. James's—In fancy dresses, Lady Kirkcudbright, the Hon. Miss Maclellan, Miss Sturts, Mrs. and Miss Keppel, Miss Thrales, Lady Grantley, Lady Page Turner, Hon. Miss Townshends, Mrs. Cawthorne, Miss Calverts, &c.

Among the males most distinguishable were, Lord Eardley, as a *chimney sweeper*—the Hon. Mr. Butler, a *running footman*—Mr. Pattle, as a *grey friar*—Mr. Ryecroft a *romp*—Mr. Gregory, a *damsel en bon point*—Sir Sydney Smith, an excellent *one-armed sailor*—Lord Strathmore—Lord Elibank—Charles Wyndham—Harvey Aston—Lord Grantley—Sir John Dashwood, &c. &c.

There was also an admirable groupe of gypsies, who begged, sung, and told fortunes, with singular address—an excellent military character of *Major Bull*—an operatical groupe of savoyards, from the *Travellers in Switzerland*—two priests and a priestess of the sun, the latter by the daughter of the Spanish Consul, all admirably dressed—*Night*, whose stars dropped from her sable vest as the morning dawned—a one armed soldier—a characteristic waggoner, with his young master and mistress, whom he had brought to town—a humourous welchman and his doxie—a pair of female slaves, whose chains were incessantly breaking—a good female pilgrim—a Flora, who by a false step, scattered her roses over the room—a graceful duenna with her crescent—a demi-friar and a sailor, who cried young nuns about at two a penny—a German Baron and Baroness, boasting of fifteen quarterings to their illustrious arms—two elegant females in the habits of Charles the First's reign, with feathers instead of fans—East India nabobs, their families, and suites, out of number.

Mrs. Broadhead, the amiable hostess of the mansion, in an elegant yellow tiffany dress, with the same coloured plumes in her head-dress, and a countenance displaying every thing that could inspire mirth and festivity.

Glees were sung by Dignum, Suett, &c. in which the Prince occasionally bore a part.

About two o'clock, two characters of a *poissarde* and a *sans culotte*, the latter with his sword pendant from a halter round his neck, endeavoured to force an entrance without tickets, but was instantly repelled by the active spirit of the domestics.

The supper rooms were opened soon after one o'clock, when a profusion of every thing in season was served up in a cold collation, with ice creams, the best of wines, &c. &c. Country Dances and reels were spiritedly kept up till a late hour. And at four o'clock the company began to retire, but the rooms were not cleared till near six.

We cannot, perhaps, give the *tout ensemble* of this festive scene with greater satisfaction to ourselves, or our readers, than in the words of a celebrated literary character who was present: "It was," says this gentleman, "such a variety in the routine of fashionable parties, and so superior to the elegant but vapid assembly at which, for five nights in each week, the people of rank crowd together in multitudes, and breathe the heated air of a close suite of rooms, that we wonder

wonder our diftinguifhed women do not adopt the more exhilirating plan of Mrs. Broadhead, and blend with the amufement of a ball, the captivating charms of a mafque. Here the fpirits are fet afloat, ; the inventive tafte, and the luxuriant fancy are called forth, and all the talents for repartee, whim, and *gaité de cœur* put into emulative contention. Beauty receives additional graces from the unbounded licence that a mafque gives to its drapery. The reftraint of cuftom, by which the fine moulded arm is doomed to the concealment of a long fleeve—the fhape to the tyranny, and the diftortion of ftays—the hair to the twifting and difcolouring of artifice, are all difpenfed with ; and polifhed tafte reftoring to nature its due influence, aims only to heighten by fimplicity its charms. Caprice undoubtedly may disfigure the moft enchanting form to enjoy in the crowd for a time the delights of folitude, and to refume on breaking her difguife with more triumph her fway; fuch was the mifchievous wile of fome of our fhining beauties. They withdrew their rays from the brilliant hemifphere for more than half the night, playfully to enjoy the devotion paid to their aunts and mothers, and to laugh at the confufion of their admirers on reftoring their luftre to the fcene. The counterfeit, however, did not always profper. The beautiful Mifs K———, though fhe had fhrouded her fine form in mournful fable, could not conceal the Grecian contour from enamoured gallantry—nor was it poffible for Mrs. R. by fhrinking from obfervation under the aufpices of a more glittering companion to elude the eye of inquifitive rapture.

Nothing could furpafs the exquifite varieties of the fcene. A birth-day gala, is only a feries of modifications of embroidery—an inceffant change of foils and flowers, and plumes and taffels: but here every age, and every country combined their ftores, and the eye was every inftant ftruck, and rivetted by new attraction.

Sporting Portraits.

No. III.

DISPLAYS a correct reprefentation of one of the oldeft and moft diftinguifhed characters upon the TURF, *in judgment*, *ingenuity*, *invention*, and *fuccefs*. No man living has been *more* illiberally treated by the *proftituted* prints of the day, nor has any man on earth deferved it LESS. Entitled by BIRTH and FORTUNE to the comforts of life, he has enjoyed them without reftraint, totally indifferent to the cynical caprice of individuals on the *one hand*, or the jaundiced eye of envious malevolence on *the other*. But amidft the general purfuit of pleafure to which his life has been devoted, thofe pleafures have been the enjoyment of a man of rank, undebafed by the long lift of *fwindling* degradations that fo lamentingly mark the juvenile fprigs of *modern* nobility. A tafte for, and patronage of the fine arts, a predilection for beautiful women, rich wines, a defire to excel on the *turf*, and exceed in calculation, have ever been the diftinguifhed traits and ultimate gratification of his GRACE's ambition In all which he has been individually fuccefsful. When E—— of M—— he contrived and executed fchemes of *expedition*, which were believed by

by his competitors to be absolutely *impracticable*; of these his CARRIAGE MATCH, and conveying a letter fifty miles *within an hour*, (inclosed in a cricket ball and handed from one to the other of twenty-four expert cricketers) will ever remain lasting remembrancers. In all his engagements upon the turf he has preserved a most unsullied and distinguished eminence, *paying* and *receiving* with an unimpeached integrity, and has always piqued himself more upon the EXCELLENCE than the extent of his stud; his MATCHES have not been so numerous as those of many other PORTRAITS, but they have generally been upon a more expanded scale and brilliant termination. He and his rider DICK GOODISON, have generally gone hand in hand in their success, and there is every reason to believe, that in a *single instance* they have never deceived *each other*; for as his grace never closed *a match* without the corresponding sanction of his *confidant*, so it is naturally concluded in return, he has been equally faithful to the interest of his employer. During so long and uninterrupted an attachment to the turf, his grace has never displayed the least want of philosophy upon the unexpected event of a race; or ever entered into an engagement but where there was a great probability of becoming the winner. In all emergencies his grace preserved an invariable equanimity, and his cool serenity never forsook him, even in moments of the greatest surprise or disappointment. A singular proof of this occurred at Newmarket just as they were going to start for a sweepstakes, when his grace being engaged in a betting conversation with various members of the JOCKEY CLUB, one of his lads that was going to ride (in consequence of his light weight) calling his grace aside, asked him *too soon* and *too loud*, "How he was to ride to day? perfectly convinced he was overheard, his grace with a well affected surprise exclaimed "Why take the *lead* and *keep* it to be sure! How the d——l *would you ride?* Amidst his grace's various successes and infinite proofs of judgment, so far superior to his long list of cotemporaries, none, perhaps, can be produced more in point, than the performances of his horse DASH, (by Florizel) in the year 1789. On Tuesday, in the first spring meeting, he received 500gs forfeit from LORD DERBY's *Sir Peter Teazle*, the six mile course. 1000gs h. f. On Monday, in the second spring meeting, he beat Mr. Hallam's b. h. by Highflyer, 8st. 7lb. each B. C. 1000gs. On Thursday, in the second October meeting, of the same year, he beat H. R. H. the P. of Wales's Don Quixote, 8st. 7lb. each, six mile course, 900gs and the Tuesday se'nnight, following, he beat Lord Barrymore's Highlander, at the same weight three times round the R. C. 600gs winning exactly within the six months, 3000gs. Increasing years, and a repeated succession of every comfort the world has to bestow, seems, at length to have lulled all his grace's keener appetites to the apathy of age, and he glides towards the dissolution of life with every domestic gratification of HOSPITALITY around him. The present temporary stagnation of the turf, from which so many have lately *(compulsively)* withdrawn themselves, may have been one predominant reason, why his grace's stud are nearly all thrown

out

out of training, and disposed of to the best advantage. His grace's present pursuits seem chiefly confined to pedestrian parades, and alternate turns in the front of his own mansion; rational excursions with his phæton and ponies from the White Horse Cellar to Hyde Park Corner, and sometimes the longer and more laborious journey of *Park Lane, Hyde Park*, and *home*. These, with occasional elegant entertainments and accompanying concerts, (to the most brilliant of the fashionable *dulcineas* and *operatic beauties*) seem likely to fill the measure of his grace's sublunary enjoyments, and afford him daily opportunity in ruminating upon the various pleasures of *this life*, or the uncertainty of the *future*; that whether *sooner* or later *summoned* to pass "the bourne," he may exultingly lay his head in mental ease upon the pillow, and in paying *the debt* of NATURE gratefully exclaim "*value received*."

No. IV.

IS "a poor epitome" of one of the *first* sportsmen and GREATEST characters that this or any other country has produced: he was the *uncle* of his PRESENT M———, and as a COMMANDER, a SPORTSMAN, and a MAN,

> "Take him for all in all,
> "We ne'er shall look upon his like
> "again."

for he was formed in "nature's nicest mould," that the world might be taught to estimate PERFECTION. Under the INFLUENCE of his COUNCILS, under the weight of his PERSONAL EXERTIONS that monster REBELLION was subdued beyond the power of *renovation*, and the BRITISH NATION relieved from a state of anxiety, to which by the restless ambition of its neighbours it had been so long compulsively subject. Rewarded distinctly by his SOVEREIGN, by the REPRESENTATIVES of the PEOPLE, and by the CITIZENS of LONDON, he retired from the field of WAR and the *faction* of POLITICS to enjoy the *otium et dignitate* of domestic comfort, at the Lodge in Windsor Great Park, of which he had some years before been appointed RANGER. Here he engaged in all the attracting pleasures of rurality; established his stud and breeding stock, and with a portion of liberality equal (or superior) to the grateful munificence of a generous people, retained and employed in useful labour, a greater number of industrious poor, than, perhaps, *ever was* or *may be* seen again, within the park or forest of Windsor. To his indefatigable exertions, the present generation stands indebted for the various judicious crosses that have brought the breed of BLOOD HORSES into such a state of unprecedented perfection. The origin of all the most valuable stallions now in the kingdom, centered in the happy combination of his own efforts to produce priority. CRAB—MARSK.—HEROD and ECLIPSE, were amongst the most celebrated of his own breed, to which were annexed a very long list of progeny, that by his death, and the "fascinating flourish of the hammer," were "scattered to all the winds of heaven." MARSK fell to the possession of LORD ABINGDON, where he continued till his death. ECLIPSE, first to WILDMAN, then *partes equalis* with O'KELLY, and lastly to O'KELLY *solus*; as did the famous little horse MILKSOP, the then first *give* and *take* horse in the

kingdom

kingdom, so named by his R. H. in consequence of the dam's taking fright at him as soon as foaled, and never could be brought to *any association*, so that he was literally brought up *by hand*. ECLIPSE also derived his appellation from the circumstance of being brought forth during the great eclipse of total "darkness visible." His R. H. in his first efforts for superiority, felt the mortification that every inexperienced liberal mind must be subject to, when surrounded by the most voracious *sharks* of every description. The *family* of the GREEKS were *then* as *now* exceedingly numerous, and to its various branches his R. H. was for a considerable time most implicitly subservient; but as soon as it was possible for him to shake off the effects of the embarkation, and TIME had enabled him to produce stock of his *own breed*, and that breed formed upon his well improved judgment, he took the lead, and in a very few years totally defeated every *idea* of *competition*, having, at the unexpected hour of his DEATH, not only the most *pure*, *perfect* and *correct*, but the most VALUABLE stud of horses in his possession, of any subject in the King's dominions. His loss was considered a still greater check to the sporting world, as it happened just at the moment when the TURF and its enjoyments had acquired the MERIDIAN of POPULARITY; it was the *influenza* of the day, to whose infection fresh objects were eternally becoming subject, and to which fashionable fascination, *the death* of so GREAT and so GOOD a promoter gave an instantaneous obstruction. Amongst the numerous improvements incessantly carrying on in and near his delightful residence, the RACE COURSE at ASCOT, seemed to be the most favourite and predominant object of pursuit, laying claim to every care and attention that could possibly constitute a scene of the greatest and most unsullied brilliancy. This, the hand of Providence, (as the first object of his heart) spared him long enough to see complete, but just in the moment of exultation, when loaded with the grateful caresses of an idolizing multitude, and when absolutely arranging the business of a *spring* and *autumn* meeting at ASCOT, to vie, in some degree, with the sport of NEWMARKET, and when the whole county was resounding with unprecedented plaudits; the all-wise and dispensing POWER to whose dictates we must *piously submit*, dropt the curtain of *death* upon such a LIFE, such an accumulation of GOOD WILL and CHARITABLE PRACTICE to all mankind that is but little *imitated*, *never can* be *excelled*: in the happy retrospection of which, one admonition naturally presents itself for the rumination of every contemplatist of human excellence,——

"GO THOU and DO LIKEWISE."

No. V.

IS much more conspicuous for the *greatness* of *design* than the brilliancy of *execution*; without descending to a minutiæ of its component parts, it must suffice to take a transcient survey of the most distinguishing traits that constitute the aggregate. Born to a full enjoyment of hereditary splendor, it can create no slight ray of admiration that he shall inately possess all the *hauteur of* ARISTOCRATIC DIGNITY, looking with the most perfect contempt upon the *inferior* and *subordinate* parts of

of the creation. The ſacred volume of incontrovertible truths has juſtly taught us to believe, "the ſins of the fathers are viſited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation;" without ſearching deeper into the repoſitory of domeſtic recitals, it becomes applicable only to obſerve, that one of the anceſtors of the preſent portrait drew upon himſelf the contempt of the whole kingdom, by negotiating a peace that was univerſally conſidered inglorious to the nation, and that a ſtill nearer in the line of affinity, (in the prime of life and univerſally admired for his virtues) unfortunately loſt his life in the chaſe. Succeeding to the family honours even in the days of infancy, the annually accumulating property amounted to an immenſity at his coming of age; and whether he caught the infectious fear of *poverty* and dread of a *workhouſe* from a peruſal of the life of the late *opulent* and *penurious* MR. ELWES, or that he acquired leſſons of *prevention* and *prudence* from the pecuniary annihilation of his juvenile contemporaries, certain it is his *profuſion* or *extravagance* has hitherto formed no part of his practice upon the TURF or at the GAMING TABLE. That immenſe maſs ſo *judiciouſly* acquired by the *political induſtry* of his anceſtors, our hero ſeems as invariably determined to preſerve as though he had perſonally aſſiſted in the accumulation with the true ſpirit of *two and a half* per cent, *premium*, and adopted "ſafe bind, ſafe find," for his motto, at the winding up his account with the BULLS and BEARS on a grand ſettling day *in the alley*. This *coſtivity* of *conſtitution* is ſo interwoven in his frame, that it diſplayed itſelf in what ſhould be the frolicſome days of youth, when every avenue to the heart is generally open, totally unobſtructed by the guardians that naturally reſult from the efferveſcence of experience. Thus inſtinctively *prudent*, and inherently poſſeſſing the very *ſpirit* of *trade*, it can be no matter of ſurpriſe that from the frigidity of his ſenſations, and the ſyſtematic *profit* and *loſs* proſpect of his ſtudies, he ſhould be much more than a match for every competitor within the dry and dreary walls of the univerſity. Of a saturnine caſt, and naturally a ſlave to his own imaginary greatneſs, he never became even a temporary devotee to MOMUS, or engaged in any of thoſe bold and exhilerating ſcenes, that give ſpirit to youth, and brilliancy to underſtanding. With all theſe lights and ſhades of circumſpection he embarked his life, and upon the turf, diveſted of every idea of fear from the greateſt arts or ſtudied exertions of the moſt powerful or deſigning of his opponents. From his earlieſt initiation his ſtud were not only numerous, but of the moſt judicious ſelection; he has never continued leſs than thirty in conſtant training, and from the great numbers he is annually breeding, from the firſt blood and ſtock in the kingdom, there can be no doubt but with the almoſt unprecedented prudence upon which his engagements are formed, that he muſt eaſily preſerve the ſuperiority he has ſo carefully acquired over every competitor for equeſtrian celebrity. Amidſt all the diſtinguiſhing bleſſings of pecuniary immenſity, that great and infinite ſource of power to *patronize arts*, *aſſiſt merit*, or *relieve diſtreſs*, none of the eſſence of godlike STERNE's *ſenſibility* ſeems to have been predominant in the diſ-

difpofition, either to humanize the heart, or relax the rigidity of the mind. Cynically correct in his affociation, he derogates none from the dignity of his anceftors; affecting rather a fequeftered obftrucity than a defire of *vifiting* or being *vifited*. His *amours* have been but little the fubject of general converfation, what however has tranfpired and is *well known*, does not redound much to the honour of MORALITY (or the PEERAGE) either on *one* fide or the *other*. His mode of travelling bears not the *ftrongeft tint* of HUMANITY, and that man who can enjoy the happy moments of expeditious conveyance, founded upon the *galling miferies* of four POST HORSES, *whippedout* and *whipped in*, may have imbibed all the inferior advantages of immenfe wealth and a univerfity education, but it is evidently and diurnally clear he is a total ftranger to the ftarting *tear* of *fenfibility*, to MARIA—LE FEVRE—THE ASS—THE STARLING—or the tranfcendant greatnefs of CORPORAL TRIM; who, if afked to have formed a connection fo heterogeneous, would have moft probably replied energetically, in the direct words of the immortal author to the *afs* at the gate of LYONS, "If I do, I'll be d———d."

(To be continued.)

THE THEATRE.

COVENT-GARDEN.

MARCH 27.

THIS evening a new play was performed at this theatre, under the title of *Fontainville Foreft*, the characters of which were thus reprefented.

MEN.

Marquis of Montault	Mr. Farren
Phantom of the late Marquis	Mr. Follett
Lamotte	Mr. Pope
Louis his Son	Mr. Middleton
Nemours	Mr. Powell
Peter	Mr. Hull

WOMEN.

Madame Lamotte	Mifs Morris
Adeline	Mrs. Pope.

La Motte, a Frenchman of a good family and connections, reduced by a life of extravagance, retires with his wife from the difgrace which attaches to his humbled circumftances, to a ruined abbey, in a remote foreft, the eftate of the Marquis Montault. To this retirement he alfo takes under his protection a lady (Adeline) whom he had refcued from the hands of a ruffian—fhe had been defigned for a nun, but her parents were dead. Made defperate by penury—for the temporary fupport of his family, La Motte rufhes from his retreat, and robs the lord of the furrounding territory, while on a hunting party in the neighbourhood——is at length difcovered, and purchafes the forbearance and fecrecy of the Marquis, by promifing to forward his fuite with Adeline.—She has already fixed her affections on young Lamotte, who about this point of time had arrived in good circumftances from the army, but laft from Paris; her antipathy to the Marquis is moreover rooted at firft fight, which the event juftifies.

Wanderingbymidnight through the intricacies of the abbey, fhe comes to an apartment (the door to which had been concealed behind the hangings of an outer room) that bears fufpicious marks of having been the fcene of a former

mer murder; this suspicion is confirmed by the discovery of a scroll, which had been hidden by the deceased, unravelling his melancholy case, and lastly, by the appearance of his ghost!

To be brief—at length, it appears that this unfortunate man was the brother of the Marquis, sacrificed by him—and the father of Adeline! The marquis also receives horror-working conviction of the latter fact, from a picture of Adeline's mother, which he perceives worn by that lady, at the moment when he is about to commit violence upon her person: this discovery sets the wretch upon working up the shame depressed La Motte, whom he considers as his creature, to murder Adeline; which he pretends to give into, but temporizes, and thus ultimately saves her.

The conclusion is poetically just. Young La Motte having been entrusted with the dreadful secret discovered by Adeline, returns from a journey to Paris, which he made purposely to forward legal vengeance against the execrable marquis, to see him in the agonies of guilty desparation plunge a dagger in his own heart. The La Mottes are restored to fortune and honor, and the piece concludes with the marriage of the two lovers.

The scenery of this new drama is very fine, particularly a moonlight, a thunder storm by night shattering the ruins of the abbey, the apartment in which the murder was committed, and the cell in which the ghost appears.

The above play is avowedly taken from a very popular novel, entitled, the *Romance of the Forest*, and does the author (Mr. *Boaden*) great credit in the execution.

APRIL 12.

This evening a new Operatical Farce was performed at the above Theatre, under the title of *Netley Abbey*, the characters of which were thus represented:

MEN.

Oakland	Mr. Munden
Capt. Oakland	Mr. Incledon
M'Scrape	Mr. Johnstone
Gunnel	Mr. Fawcett
Jeffery	Mr. Blanchard
Sterling	Mr. Powell
Rapine	Mr. Cubitt
Charles	Mr. Clerimont

WOMEN.

Ellen Woodbine	Mrs. Mountain
Lucy Oakland	Miss Hopkins
Catherine	Mrs. Martyr.

Ellen Woodbine, the heroine of the piece, and her widowed mother, appear to have been dispossessed of their estate, by the fraudulent conduct of Rapine, their steward. The family mansion having been destroyed by fire, and several writings of value supposed to have perished in the conflagration, Rapin releases himself from all the obligations, to which he was liable by those writings, and becomes the oppressor of the family he formerly served. Ellen Woodbine, in this reverse of fortune, resorts to Oakland, father of Captain Oakland, an officer in the navy, and acquaints him that the Captain had honoured her with his addresses, and as, from her loss of property, she might not be considered so approveable a match for his son, begs his interposition to terminate the courtship. This Oakland endeavours to effect, but is foiled in his attempt by his daughter Lucy, and M'Scrape, an Irish fidler, who besides following the occupation

portion of village barber, assists in the plan.

Captain Oakland, thus assisted, prevails on Ellen to give him an interview, near the ruins of Netley Abbey, to which place she is conducted by Catherine, the waiting maid of Miss Lucy Oakland, who assumes on the occasion a jacket and trowsers.—Here they are surprised by old Oakland: but his anger does not long continue; as the brother of Catherine, who is just returned from a cruize, relates that he had been some time before in a skiff, which was cast away under the cliffs of the isle of Wight, and that his two shipmates, seeing certain death at hand, confessed they had been the plunderers of Mrs. Woodbine's dwelling; and that, although the mansion was destroyed by fire, to prevent suspicion of the robbery, the property still remained concealed in the recesses of Netley Abbey. In consequence of this discovery, the writings of value and other property are recovered. Miss Ellen being restored to her fortune, no longer feels a scruple to admit the addresses of Captain Oakland; and the consent of his father is in consequence readily granted.

Of the general merits of this piece we can only say that it abounds with lively and humourous scenes. The well known character of an English Sailor, although it has been so often drawn, is here pourtrayed with novelty, and produced an effect on the audience at once pleasing to the author, as well as gratifying to our feelings as Englishmen.

The performers acquitted themselves much to the satisfaction of every person present, and the abundance of new scenery does credit to the liberality of the Manager. We understand the piece is written by a Mr. Pearce.

*** *A specimen of the songs may be seen in our poetical department.*

Of the ORIGIN *and* ANTIQUITIES *of* FOREST.

A Forest is a vast extensive wood; in French *lieu forestier et sauvage*: in Latin *Locus sylvestris et saltus.* Manwood, in his forest laws, *cap.* 1, *no.* 1, thus defines it:—

" A forest is a certain territory of woody grounds, and fruitful pastures, privileged for wild beasts, and fowls of forest, chase, and warren, to rest and abide there in the safe protection of the king, for his princely delight and pleasure: which territory of ground so privileged, is meered and bounded by unremoveable marks, meers and boundaries, either known by matter of record, or else by prescription, and also replenished with wild beasts of venery or chase; and with great coverts of *vert** for the succour of the said wild beasts; for the preservation and continuance of which said place, together with the vert and venison, there are certain particular laws, privileges, and officers belonging only to the same.

The manner of making forests, as the same author informs us, is as follows: "the king sends out his commission, under the great seal of England, directed to certain discreet persons, for the view, perambulation, meeting and bounding of the place he mindeth to be a forest, which being returned into the chancery, proclamation is made throughout all the

* *Vert*, which in the French signifies green, comprehends every thing which bears *green* leaves in the forest. *Manw.* 51.

the ſhire where the ground lieth, that none ſhall hunt or chaſe any manner of wild beaſts in that precinct, without the king's ſpecial licence; after which he appointeth ordinances, laws, and officers fit for the preſervation of the vert and veniſon; and ſo it becometh a *foreſt* by matter of record.

A foreſt, in the ſtrict ſenſe of the word, cannot be in the hands of any but the king: and the reaſon aſſigned is, becauſe no other perſon has power to grant a commiſſion to be a juſtice in Eyre, to hold courts, &c.

The Norman kings not only incloſed foreſts, but puniſhed thoſe who hunted and killed any of the beaſts, with the greateſt ſeverity. Brompton tells us that William I. cauſed the eyes of a man to be pulled out, who took either a buck or a boar; and Knighton informs us, that his ſon, William Rufus, would hang a man for taking a doe.

Henry I. made no diſtinction between him who killed a man or a buck, and puniſhed thoſe who deſtroyed the game (though not in the foreſt) either by forfeiture of their goods or loſs of limbs; but Henry II. made it only impriſonment for a time. His ſon, Richard I. revived the old laws for puniſhing thoſe who were convicted of hunting in the foreſt: *viz.* that they ſhould be caſtrated, and have their eyes pulled out: but that king afterwards aboliſhed this puniſhment, and appointed ſuch convicts to abjure the realm, be committed, or pay a fine.

The hiſtorians of thoſe times inform us, that New Foreſt was raiſed by the deſtruction of twenty two pariſh churches, and many villages, chapels, and manors, for the ſpace of thirty miles; to which ſome attribute the misfortunes that befel ſeveral of thoſe princes in that foreſt, and particularly that Rufus was there ſhot by Tyrrel; and before him, Richard, the brother of Henry I. was there killed by a ſoldier; and Henry, the nephew of Robert, the eldeſt ſon of the conqueror, hung, like Abſalom, in the boughs of the foreſt.

Beſides New Foreſt, there are ſixty-eight in England. Thoſe which are more particularly noticed by hiſtorians, and others, are the foreſt of Windſor, in Berkſhire: *Camb. Brit.* page 213. Of Pickering, *Cromp.* 190. Of Shirwood, *Id. fol.* 202. Of Englewood, in Cumberland, *anno*, 4 *H.* 7, *c.* 6. and *Cromp.* 42. Of Lancaſter, *Id.* 196. Of Wobmere, *Stowe's Annals*, 462. Of Gillingham, *Id.* 113. Of Knareſborough, 21, *H.* 8, 17. Of Wallham Caral, *Brit.* 328. Of Breden, *Id.* 176. Of White Hart, *Id.* 150. Of Wierſdale, *Id.* 589. Of Lownſall, *Id.* Of Dean, *Id.* 266, 8 *H.* *b.* 27, 19 *H.* 7 *c.* 8. Of St. Leonard's, in Suſſex, *Manwood*, 1, 144. Of Waybridge and Sapler, *Id.* 63. Of Whitney, *Id.* 81. Of Fekenham, *Camb.* 441. Of Rockingham, *Id.* 396. Foreſt de la Mer, *Id.* 467. Of Huckeſlow, *Id.* 456. Of Aſhdown in the county of Suſſex, 37 *H.* 8, 16. Of Whitlewood and Swaſy, in the county of Northampton, 32 *H.* 8, *c.* 38. Of Fronſelwood, in the county of Somerſet, *Co.* 51, 2, *Cornwell's Caſe, fol.* 71. Waterdown foreſt, Andelworth, and Dallington, all in Suſſex.

The following are properly the beaſts of foreſt: *viz.* The hart, hind, buck, hare, boar and wolf; but legally all wild beaſts of venery. 1 *Inſt*, 233.

HINTS *to* HORSEMEN.

Poſition—Diſpoſal of the Rider's Leg—A good ſeat.

(Continued from page 311.)

A PERSON who rides with a curb, ſhould always hook it on himſelf; for, however mild and gentle the horſe may be, ſhould the curb hurt him, he may endanger his rider's neck. In fixing the curb, turn the chain to the right, and the links will eaſily unfold. The chain ſhould be put on ſo looſely as not to preſs upon the horſe's jaw, till the reins are drawn ſomewhat tight.

If the diſpoſition of the horſe is gentle, and he has been taught to ſtand ſtill when mounted, a groom to hold him is unneceſſary; but, ſhould he attend, never permit him to finger the reins nor meddle with any thing but that part of the head-ſtall which comes down the horſe's cheek. The management of the reins belongs only to the rider: to hold a horſe by the curb, when he is to ſtand ſtill, is very improper, becauſe it puts him to unneceſſary pain.

When the rider has mounted his horſe, let him ſit quietly for a few moments, leſt any ſudden motion ſhould diſorder or diſturb him before he is well ſettled in the ſaddle, with his noſe directly oppoſite to the horſe's foretop, betwixt his ears, his legs hanging ſtraight down, neither thruſting forward the toe, nor lifting up the heel, but with the ball of his foot flat in the ſtirrup, as if he ſtood upright on the ground, the ſtirrup-leather rather ſhort than long, winding his toes ſomewhat nearer to the horſe's ſide than the heel, holding the reins even with his cheſt, and with the point of the withers, a little above the main, with his thighs and knees cloſe to the ſaddle: ſitting with his body erect, his ridge-bone anſwering to the ridge-bone of the horſe; ſo that the animal and his rider may, in every motion, appear as one body. The rider ſhould not neglect to ſtroke and clap him gently with the hand, to diveſt him of unpleaſing apprehenſions.

A proper diſpoſition of the legs and thighs is ſo eſſential towards the acquiring and keeping a graceful ſeat, that diſtinct and particular inſtructions are highly neceſſary: to ſit on that part of the horſe which, as he ſprings, is the center of motion, is to have a good ſeat; from which it naturally follows, a weight could not eaſily be ſhaken. The true ſeat is certainly that part of the ſaddle, into which the body naturally falls when the rider has no ſtirrups; and this cannot be otherwiſe preſerved, than by a juſt poiſe of the body, though many are advocates for the miſtaken opinion, that it may be done by the graſp of the thighs and knees.

A judgment of the true ſeat may be formed, by pointing out the extremes of a bad one. The firſt of theſe extremes is, when the rider places himſelf ſo far back on the ſaddle, that his weight preſſes hard upon the horſe's loins; the other, when he throws his body ſo very forward, that it hangs over the pommel of the ſaddle: the firſt of theſe extremes is adopted by ſome grooms, who affectedly ride with ſhort ſtirrups; the later by timorous horſemen, who are terrified at the moſt trifling flutter which the horſe may happen to make. A good rider has a determined place for his thighs, even on the hunting ſaddle, as can be fixed for

for him by the bars of a demi-peak.

It is certain, however, that a good ſeat cannot be obtained, unleſs the ſaddle fits well; and perhaps it may be ſomewhat difficult to preſcribe a certain rule in this caſe: but let it be obſerved that your ſaddle ſhould preſs as near as poſſible on that part already deſcribed as the point of union between the man and horſe; yet ſo that the motion of the horſe's ſhoulders may not be obſtructed. The middle or loweſt part of it, is your proper ſeat: ſit erect, free, and unconſtrained as in your uſual manner of ſitting, or, in other words, with eaſy deportment of a gentleman.

If you have a vicious horſe, which ſtops ſhort, or by riſing or kicking endeavours to throw you off, do not bend your body forward, (a practice too frequent in ſuch caſes) becauſe that motion throws the breech backward, moves you from your fork or twiſt, and caſts you out of your ſeat: but the beſt method of keeping your ſeat, or of recovering it when loſt, is, to advance the lower part of your body, and to bend back your upper part, and ſhoulders. In flying or ſtanding leaps, a horſeman's beſt ſecurity is the bending back of the body: the riſing of the horſe does not affect the rider's ſeat, his principal buſineſs is to guard againſt the laſh of the animal's hind legs, which is beſt done by inclining the body backward. Obſerve, alſo, that your legs and thighs are not to be ſtiffened, and as it were braced up, but your loins ſhould be lax and pliable, like thoſe of a coachman on his box.

By ſitting thus looſely, every rough motion of the horſe will be eluded; but the uſual method of fixing the knees only ſerves, in great ſhocks, to add to the violence of the fall. To protect yourſelf, in this caſe, you muſt yield a little to the horſe's motion; by which means you will recover your ſeat, when an unſkilfull horſeman would be diſmounted.

(To be continued.)

Continuation of EXTRACTS *from a Pamphlet lately publiſhed, entitled* FARO *and* ROUGE *et* NOIR, *ſee our laſt Month's* MAGAZINE, *page* 320.

FARO.

MODE OF PLAY.

THE partners, or perſons they employ for the purpoſe, officiate as dealer and croup. A large oval table is provided, which is covered with green cloth, and has a line deſcribed with white, yellow, or red tape, or a wooden rim about an inch high, and about eight inches within the circumference of the table, to divide the cards punted on from the looſe livrets. At the ſides of this table, and oppoſite each other, the dealer and croup ſeat themſelves that they may the better command a view of the punters who ſurround it. Several hundred guineas, part looſe in the well, and part in rouleaus of fifty guineas each between them. The office of the tailleur is to deal and ſettle the game of the punters on each ſide of him. The croup ſhuffles another pack in the mean time, watches that no miſtakes are made, or advantages taken by the punters, that no parolis ſtand which are loſt, and ſhould retire, that no cocks are impoſed on them; he pays and receives ſtakes, &c. &c.

Each ponte is furnished with a livret or book, containing a suit of thirteen cards, and the four cards denoting the same, viz. the little figure, the yellow, black, and great figure. The use of these cards is, that the player, if disposed to punt on ace, deux, trois; or 4, 5, 6; or 7, 8, 9, 10; or knave, queen, king; he may avoid the trouble of selecting the particular cards, by using the representative figures, and the dealer and croup form a more prompt and comprehensive idea of the play, than if the punters had ranges of many cards before them.

Faro is so bewitching a game, by reason of the several specious multiplications and advantages which it seemingly offers to the avarice of an unwary punter, that it intoxicates many to that degree that they seldom come to their senses, or discover that they have not been playing on the square, until they have no more money or credit to punt with. But the judicious player, who seeks gain, and whose love of gaming does not exceed his understanding, will not engage at it deeply, but when by finesse, there is a violent probability of his beating the dealer and croup, which has been done when a novice has dealt, and even sometimes against a veteran tailleur, to the discomfiture of the faro banking company.

When it is known that without the assistance of the card-maker, it is so easy to strip a new pack of the stamp and cover, to arrange the cards, and make them up again; when it is so easy to mark cards, to know their faces by their backs, *melange faux*, &c. &c. a man who will for a minute imagine that he can generally play Pharoah to advantage with people who make it a business, cannot be brought to his senses but by being plucked of all his golden feathers, and feel the pinching cold of poverty, that arch corrector of exuberant fancy.

This book was written chiefly for the pigeons, the flats, and the spoons.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

This game takes its name from the *tapis* or cloth which covers the *banque* or table, part *rouge et noir*, or red and black, and has no relation to the colour of the suits. The *rouge et noir* are disposed as they appear, that the *tailleur* and *croupier*, who sit opposite each other, may with facility draw and pay stakes. The *ponies* or punters who sit round the table, may stake their money on red or black. The cards are sometimes cut, to determine whether red or black shall be dealt for first, but it being so immaterial, the first parcel is generally for black, and the second for red, both constituting what is termed a coup.

Having thus conveyed a slight idea of the games of Faro and Rouge *et* Noir, we must not trespass by making any further extracts, but recommend this little book to the perusal of our readers, who will (exclusive of the rules for playing the games) find something to *amuse*, to *caution*, and to *instruct*.

Big Ben.

On Tuesday the 8th instant, died Benjamin Briant, commonly called *Big Ben.* The last *set-to* of this celebrated pugilist was with Death, who, notwithstanding *Ben's* courage and capacity, *put in* one fatal blow, which knocking

knocking him off the ſtage of life, the victor bade his ſoul—"*Good morrow!*"

The remains of this hero were interred in the church-yard of St. Sepulchre, Snow-hill, London.

He was attended to the grave by Ward, Jackſon, Wood, and the man well-known by the name of the *Ruffian*, as chief mourners.

The whole was conducted with that decency and decorum appropriate to the ſolemnity of the occaſion.

It having been ſuppoſed that his death happened in conſequence of ſome inward bruiſe, which he got in one of the many deſperate battles in which he had been engaged, his body was opened for the purpoſe of aſcertaining the fact, when it was found that the liver was affected in ſuch a manner, that no human power could have ſaved his life. This was the ſole cauſe of his death.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

AS the following advertiſement and affidavit reſpecting the identity of the famous horſe STARING TOM, and a *counterfeit* of the ſame name, may prove amuſing to ſome of your readers, I ſend it for inſertion in your ſingularly entertaining Magazine.

I am, &c.

Stafford, April 17th, 1794.

STARING TOM.

AN advertiſement having appeared in the laſt year's Birmingham paper, with an intent to deceive the public reſpecting the above horſe, his owner, to prevent ſuch fraud, diſtributed ſeeral hand-bills, and out of compaſſion to the man who had advertiſed the Walſal or Birmingham Staring Tom, as the famous horſe (bred and trained by Sir Ferdinando Poole, Baronet) did not proſecute him, but having ſeen a moſt impudent advertiſement yeſterday, in the aforeſaid paper, calculated to impoſe upon the public, and holding out a direct threat againſt any perſon who ſhould aſſert that his hack, which he calls Staring Tom, is not the real racer:—

The following affidavit of perſons who have both rode and trained the real Staring Tom, will convince the public of the upright intention of the perſon who cauſed the above-mentioned advertiſements to be inſerted in the Birmingham papers, and the owner has given directions to Mr. Harriſon, attorney at law, at Market Drayton, Shropſhire, to commence an action againſt ſuch perſon for his unlawful conduct.

March 29, 1794.

Blackſton Moody and John Moody, both of Aſton, in the pariſh of Muccleſtone, in the county of Stafford, ſeverally make oath as follows: And firſt this deponent, Blackſton Moody, for himſelf, ſaith, that he knows the horſe called Staring Tom, the property of Robert Pigot, Eſq. which covered at Penlow-hall, near Drayton, in the county of Salop, laſt year, and is now advertiſed to cover at the ſame place, and is certain he is the real Saring Tom, and the ſame horſe which was formerly the property of Sir Ferdinando Poole, Baronet, and was bred by him, and was got by Latham's Snap, out

mit of the famous racer, Satellite's dam, and is a brown horſe; and this deponent, Blackſton Moody, further ſaith, that he has rode the ſaid horſe called Staring Tom, as a jockey, for plates, and has frequently rode againſt him: and further ſaith, that the aforeſaid Staring Tom was an uncommon good runner; and ſaith, that he this deponent, Blackſton Moody, verily believes that no horſe called Staring Tom, except the aforeſaid Staring Tom, ever run for a plate, notwithſtanding the advertiſement lately appearing in the Birmingham paper. And this deponent, John Moody, for himſelf, ſaith, that he hath for many years been acquainted with the aforeſaid horſe, called Staring Tom, that is now advertiſed to cover at Peplow-hall, aforeſaid, and hath aſſiſted in training him at his brother Thomas Moody's racing ſtables, at the Hundred Acres, in the county of Surry, for the ſaid Robert Pigott. And this deponent, John Moody, further ſaith, that he hath frequently ſeen the aforeſaid horſe run for prizes, and is confident he is the famous racer bred by the ſaid Sir Ferdinando Poole, and was got by Latham's Snap, out of Satellite's dam, and was formerly the property of the ſaid Sir Ferdinando Poole.

And the ſaid deponents jointly ſay, that they are well convinced that the Birmingham or Walſall Staring Tom is advertiſed by that name for the purpoſe of impoſing upon the Public.

BLACKSTON MOODY,
JOHN MOODY.

Sworn at Drayton in Hales, in the ſaid county of Salop, the 2d of April, in the year of our Lord, one thouſand ſeven hundred and ninety four, before me

ROBERT GROSVENOR.
A Maſter extraordinary in Chancery.

BILLIARDS.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

GENTLEMEN,

IN the preſent depraved ſtate of human nature when ſharks of every deſcription pervade each place of public amuſement, to prey upon the property of inexperienced liberality; permit an OLD SPORTSMAN to recite *(for the preſent)* one of the very many ſcenes in which he has been engaged, as a leſſon for thoſe adventurers who become devotees to the faſcinating follies of a BILLIARD ROOM, from whence almoſt every viſitant ſoon diſcovers the difficulty of extrication. Having, in the early part of my life profeſſional occaſion to reſide two years in the metropolis of Caledonia, where, from a barrenneſs of the ſurrounding proſpects (to an Engliſhman) the *game* of *billiards* became the diſtinguiſhing object of relaxation, to which I abſolutely appropriated every leiſure hour of both day and night; becoming at my return to England, an abſolute phœnomenon, and being entirely unknown to the *ſecundem artem* GENTLEMEN at that period, I emerged from my obſcurity a player of the firſt claſs, ranking in ſucceſſion with Brereton, Phillips, Orrel, and Captain Wallis, who were then the leaders of the day, and a rencontre with the whole of whom I modeſtly declined, not

more

more from an idea of my own inferiority on the ſcore of experience than a conſciouſneſs of the evident advantage they muſt poſſeſs from being habituated to the cuſtomary noiſe and confuſion of *public betting*, by which young minds are ſo frequently diſconcerted. Having accidentally ſported a ſpecimen of my abilities in ſome caſual matches with Mr. PAUL, (then of Pall Mall) and Mr. TWYCROSS, in the metropolis, I was inſtantly looked up to as an impending *pigeon* by the *family*, and every preparation was made for the *plucking*. Conſultation having been held by the principal members, and the *dead ſet* properly arranged, the late celebrated Capt. Cates, of *Covent Garden* memory, was *pitted* againſt me, at the coffee-room billiard-table during Epſom races, to play *twenty-one* games, for two guineas each game, and five guineas the odds. The match began in a crouded room, and inceſſant betting of large ſums was the immediate conſequence. Thoſe well known veterans, C——e, B——n, G——t, D——s, &c. were the invariable ſupporters of the *imagined hero*: Capt. O'Kelly and the company at large were more immediately the caſual adherents to your humble ſervant.

After a match of exceeding good play, and very high betting, (in which the odds were conſtantly againſt me, by his getting the firſt two or four of almoſt every game) it terminated in my favour five games a-head, having obtained thirteen games to eight, to the great and exulting gratification of a very great aſſemblage, who were now equally aſſiduous in diſcovering the name and reſidence of the ſucceſsful ſtranger. A ſeparation did not take place till (at the requeſt of the diſappointed party) an agreement was made to renew the match at the then enſuing meeting at Aſcot, where it was continued at the rooms of the celebrated Mr. Simſon, ſo much frequented by the ETONIANS, in the preſence of as large a company as ever attended upon a ſimilar deciſion, and with as high betting as has been known at a public table; nothing leſs than *five* pounds upon a *hazard*, or *ten* the *game*, was hardly heard during the match, which terminated thirty-ſix games to ſeventeen in my favour, and left the major part of my opponent's party in a pecuniary ſtate of deſpondency, one of the ſet being under the neceſſity of making a journey to London at three in the morning, before they could *pay* and *receive* upon the courſe the following day. Having obtained ſo complete a victory, and with no ſmall ſhare of eclat, I ſat myſelf down (having then a houſe in Winſor) with the reputation of a "good up-hill player," that no ſportſman need be fearful *to back*; but it appearing to a certain *ſet of gentlemen* (wonderfully *prolific* in *intellect*) that I might be made too *uſeful* a member of ſociety to remain in obſcurity; a meſſage was delivered to me at ten o'clock on the Sunday evening (preceding the *races* at *Wincheſter*) that *a gentleman* deſired to ſee me at the New Inn on *very particular buſineſs*. After the uſual ceremonies of introduction and conſequent glaſs of wine, the leading object of his commiſſion tranſpired: "that with every apology he could make for the liberty taken, he waited on me to ſolicit the favor of me to play a match at *billiards* during the races at Wincheſter, with

with a gentlemen, to whom his friends had oppoſed me, after ſeeing what he was pleaſed to term my wonderful power of execution, during the meeting at Aſcot, and for which compliance, *the parties* had commiſſioned him to make an offer of TEN GUINEAS for my journey."

Upon a ready acquieſcence, by obſerving it was perfectly convenient in my way to PORTSMOUTH, where I was going upon a party of pleaſure; he, after ſome heſitation, and not without an infinity of apologies, "begged permiſſion to obſerve the match was of a *peculiar* kind and muſt be played in *a particular way*, of either winning the game *if poſſible*, or loſing it *if neceſſary*, that the *gentlemen* concerned might be ſure of *winning* upon the *whole*, which way ſoever the match might be *regulated* to TERMINATE." To this villainous propoſal, without a third perſon preſent I had no alternative but to make an inſtantaneous departure with a ſtrict aſſurance that "I was very much obliged to *the* family, for the honor of their GOOD OPINION, but it was a MATCH I never yet had, nor ſhould I ever *condeſcend* to PLAY. The effect will be much better conceived than deſcribed, and as it may be naturally concluded for a year or two, theſe *celebrated worthies honored* me with an obedience of *fearful recognition*, which TIME hardened into the mental calloſity of CONTEMPT, which to me affords the happy retroſpection of "a foregone concluſion." From a perfect conviction of the utility and increaſing reputation of your work, and a ſtrenuous deſire to counteract the ſucceſsful villanies, that are daily practiſed by a determined ſet of deſperate ſharpers, under the ſpecious but deceptive appearance of *fair betting*: I can have no doubt but this accurate ſtatement of FACTS will prove entitled to inſertion. If ſo, you may rely upon every future aſſiſtance from your conſtant reader.

VERITAS.

April 15, 1794.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE

NEW LOGIC.

DID you ever, Mr. EDITOR, meet with a man whoſe brains are in his pocket, whoſe logic is a bottle, and who determines every thing by a wager. If you have, ſome idea may be formed of a gentleman who diſturbs the peace of our little evening club, by never giving an anſwer that has not a *bet* at the tail of it:—if you ſay we have good news from abroad, he will lay a bottle it is bad.—If you hint it is bad, he offers a bottle it is good. In this way he goes about the room for hours together, *chinking* his arguments in his pocket, and referring every queſtion of politics, law, or trade, to the unanſwerable deciſion of *two and ſixpence*. No man can open his mouth without riſking a bottle with this *wager hunter*. If you even drink his health, he'll lay you a bottle he is the healthieſt man in the room. If you ſtir the fire, he bets a bottle you will put it out. Nay, it was but lately, on going away, I bid him good night, and he offered to lay me a bottle it was morning. Another time when I helped him on with his great coat, he would lay me a bottle I could not tell who made it.

There is no contending, you perceive, with ſuch a logician as this

this; but it is very hard, fir, that a man cannot rifk an opinion for lefs than *half a crown.* It has been fuggefted, by one of our members, that this *two and fixpenny* reafoner, this *filver tongued* orator, is under articles with the landlord, for the more fpeedy confumption of his port wine, and that he has ten per cent, on every decifion which he pours down our throats. But this probably is fcandal. O! here he comes—and quite in character, for he propofes a bottle, he knows what I have been writing—and fo he may, if you think this worth inferting in your Magazine.

I am, Sir, Your's,

A modern Wager-Monger.

April 12, 1794.

PEDIGREE *and* PERFORMANCES *of* DRONE.

DRONE was bred by Mr. Panton. He was got by Herod, out of Lilly, which was got by Blank, Old Cade Partner, Bloody Buttocks, &c. Lilly was the dam of Jacinth, and own fifter to that famous running horfe Jethro. Drone is full brother to Boxer.

Newmarket fecond Meeting, 1781, Drone (being then 3 years old) beat Mr. Vernon's Bay Bolton, over the B. C. 200gs. In 1782 he won a 50l. at Stamford. In 1783, in the firft fpring meeting, he won the King's Plate, beating Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed, Grafshopper, Buccaneer and Nottingham. The fecond fpring meeting he won the 50l, over the D. C. beating feven others. July the 5th at Grantham, he won a Sweepftakes of 250gs beating 5 others: the fame day he won the Grantham ftakes of 50l. The 11th of Auguft he walked over the courfe at Nottingham, for the King's Plate: the next day he won the 50l. plate, carrying 10ft. The 25th of Auguft, he walked over York, for the King's Plate. At Newmarket, Second October Meeting, he won 140gs B. C. beating 4 others: the fame Meeting he beat Mr. Douglas's Czar, B. C. 100gs, and won a fubfcription, 13 fubfcribers, 1784. He was purchafed by the Honourable Charles Wyndham, and in the firft Spring Meeting, he received 80gs from Mr. Douglas's Czar. The fecond Spring Meeting he won the Jockey Club Plate, and received 50gs forfeit from Lord Barrington's Anvil.* The firft October Meeting he beat Lord Barrington's Anvil, B. C. 300gs. He walked over for the 70gs. B. C. The fecond October Meeting he received 170gs. compromife, from Mr. Clarke's Rover. The firft Spring Meeting, 1785, he beat Mr. Wentworth's Columbus, B. C. 300gs. The fecond Spring Meeting he won the Jockey Club Plate; the fame day he won 50l. over the D. C. beating 5 others. In the July Meeting he won the 60gs for all ages, D. I. beating 5 others. In the Craven Meeting 1786, he was beat by H. R. H. the P. of Wales's Anvil, the 3 laft miles of the B. C. for 300gs. The fecond Spring Meeting, he won the Jockey Club Plate, beating Anvil, Latona, and Glancer. 1787, Craven Meeting, he ftarted for a Sweepftakes of 500gs. D. C. but was beat by Mr. Bullock's Rockingham. In the fecond Spring Meeting, he was again beat by Rockingham in running for the Jockey

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* See the fingular exploits of Anvil, page 184, in our firft volume.

Jockey Club Plate, B. C. In the July Meeting he was beat by Mr. Fox's Baloon, D. I. for 100gs. July the 30th he won at Brighton the Handicap Plate for all ages, beating the Duke of Queensbury's Flirtilla, and two others. August 3, he won the Members Plate of 50l. at Lewes, beating Mr. Tetherington's Marplot, (who the preceding day won the King's Plate of 100gs.) Mr. Belson's Chance, and Mr. Clark's Rosina. Drone is now a stallion (the property of Mr. Tatterfal) and is sire of Mr. Vernon's Wasp, Mr. Dodsworth's Arra Kooker, Lord Strahmore's Lively, Mr. Montolieu's Broughton, Mr. Dealtry's Hornet, Mr. Crompton's Drowsey, Lord Fitzwilliam's Warrior, Mr. Stephenson's Risk, Mr. Panton's Young Countess, &c. &c. &c.

Hunting Anecdotes Of Charles III. *the late* King *of* Spain, *who died on the 14th of January*, 1789.

CHARLES III. was a much better looking man than most of his pictures make him: he had a good natured languishing eye: the lower part of his face, by being exposed to all weathers, became of a deep copper-colour. What his hat covered was fair, as he naturally had a good skin: in stature he was rather short; thickly built about the legs and thighs, and narrow in the shoulders. His dress seldom varied from a large hat, a plain grey Segovia frock, a buff waistcoat, a small dagger, black breeches, and worsted stockings; and his pockets were always stuffed with knives, gloves, and shooting tackle.

On gala days (says Mr. Swinburne*) a fine suit was hung upon his shoulders; but, as he had an eye to his afternoon sport, and was a great œconomist of his time, the black breeches were worn to all coats. I believe there were but three days in the whole year that he spent without going out a shooting, and those were noted with the blackest mark in the calendar. Were they to occur often, it was supposed his health would have been in danger, and that any accident that was to confine him to the house, would infallibly bring on a fit of illness.

No storm, heat, cold, or wet, could keep him at home; and when he heard of a wolf having been seen, distance he counted for nothing; he would drive over the kingdom rather than miss an opportunity of firing at that favourite game.

Besides a most numerous retinue of persons belonging to the hunting establishment, several times a year all the idle fellows in and about Madrid were hired to beat the country, and drive the wild boars, deers and hares, into a ring where they passed before the royal family.

A very large annual sum was distributed among the proprietors of land about the capital, and near the country palaces, by way of indemnification for the damage done to the corn. It cost 70,000l. sterling a year for the environ's of Madrid, and 30,000l. for those of St. Ildefonso. In order to be entitled to this reimbursement, the farmers scattered just as much seed corn over their grounds, as would grow up into something like a crop; but they did not always give themselves the trouble of getting in the scanty harvest, being sufficiently paid for their labour by the royal bounty.

* In his travels, II, 139.

THE

THE

FEAST OF WIT:

OR,

SPORTSMAN's HALL.

THE late Duke of Richmond had ſome hunters in Suſſex. A monkey, who was kept in the ſame ſtable, was remarkably fond of riding the horſes, ſkipping from one to the other, and teazing the poor animals inceſſantly. The groom made a complaint to the Duke, who immediately formed a plan to remedy the evil. "If he is fond of riding," replied his Grace, "we'll endeavour to give him enough of it:" and accordingly provided a complete jockey dreſs for the monkey. The next time the hounds were out, Jackoo, in his uniform, was ſtrapped to one of the beſt hunters. The view-hollow being given, away they went, through thick and thin; the horſe carrying ſo light a weight, preſently left all the company behind. Some of the party paſſing by a farm-houſe, enquired of a countryman whether he had ſeen the fox? "*Ay zure,*" ſaid the man, "he is gone over yon fallow."—"And was there any one up with him?" "*Ay zure!*" ſaid John, "there be a *little man* in a *yellow jacket* juſt gone by, *riding* as though the Devil be in un—I hope from my heart the *young gentleman* may'nt meet with *a fall* for *he rides moſt monſtrous bould.*—The experiment had the deſired effect. Jackoo was ſufficiently chaffed by his exerciſe to make him diſlike the ſight of a ſtable ever afterwards.

*** *As we have profeſſed our deſign of preſerving every thing curious, and conceiving the following advertiſement, which appeared in the* MORNING CHRONICLE *of the 12th of April, to be ſtrictly ſo, we doubt not but our readers will deem it a ſufficient apology for the inſertion.*

R. T.

AND WHY NOT?—If R. T. will take a walk on ſuch a day, at ſuch an hour, in ſuch a place, (even to the World's end) he may have an opportunity of delivering the anſwer he has had by him this fortnight.

FREDERICK II. THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

To ſhew how little this prince underſtood the principles of internal œconomy, we ſubjoin here a ſhort ſpecimen of his whimſical regulations:—

He

He was occupied a considerable time in digesting a law for fixing the price of provisions and lodging, in the several inns and taverns in Berlin.

He fixed the wages of lacqueys hired by the day.

He prohibited the importation of apples from France, and of eggs from Saxony; saying, "Don't my hens of Berlin lay eggs too?"

But the most comical of his prohibitions, was that of mouse-traps from Brunswick.

In short, the articles prohibited were far more numerous than those that were permitted.

A short time ago, an attorney in the neighbourhood of Whitehaven was sent for, to make the last will and testament of a yeoman, aged 72 or 73 years. The business was done; but a few days afterwards, the attorney was waited on at his office, by the testator, who, he said, wished to have his will altered; "he had forgotten to tie up his wife from marrying again!"—"What age is your wife?" said the Attorney. "She is about my own age," replied the man, "but there is no knowing what *coaxing* may do with a woman!"

The scarcity of eggs in Paris is so great, that the National Convention have issued a general order; that all the *hens* and *pullets* in France which do not each lay *two eggs* per day, shall be handed over to the Revolutionary Tribunal as *incivic Poultry*, in the pay of *Pitt* and *Cobourg*.

ANECDOTES *of the late* HONOURABLE THOMAS FITZMORRIS.

This gentleman, who was brother to the present Marquis of Lansdowne, had a turn for humour, which did not forsake him even in the most painful moments of the illness that terminated in his death: he liked a joke, and even the awful approach of dissolution could not prevent him from cracking one when an occasion occurred. Of this disposition, a remarkable instance happened almost at the very close of his life. He laboured under a complieation of disorders, one of which was a dropsy. It was thought by some of his medical attendants that he ought to be tapped; this was made the subject of a consultation, to which among others, the late John Hunter and Dr. Ashe were called. The latter gentleman is not more remarkable for his professional knowledge, than for the great *rotundity* of his shape, which affords his *legal* acquaintance cause for calling him a *corporation sole.*

Mr. Fitzmaurice was made acquainted with the result of the conversation, by John Hunter, who told him, with that honest bluntness which was peculiar to him, that the proposed operation would serve only to give him pain, without affording him any material relief, and that his case was then beyond the surgeon or the doctor's aid. The patient, not at all dejected at hearing what might be called his sentence of death, but on the contrary preserving his usual disposition to raise a laugh, or join in it, thus replied to Mr. Hunter, with an affected air of gravity.

"My dear Sir, I am very sorry that you, who are so excellent an operator, should have had the trouble of coming so far (to Hampstead) without having an opportunity of displaying your skill upon me; but since you

you think, that, in my preſent emaciated and debilitated condition, it would not be of ſervice to me, I will give way to your judgment, and acquieſce in your opinion; but ſtill I can't bear that you ſhould go away without having performed an operation; and therefore I requeſt you will tap Aſhe; there can be no objection in that quarter on the ſcore of emancipation."

The Doctor, who was a good-natured and good humoured man, laughed very heartily at the conceit. Mr. Fitzmaurice appeared pleaſed; and no one could have imagined for ſome minutes, that there was in the room a perſon who had juſt heard from authority that he had but a ſhort time to live.

The following is a literal direction of a letter, which a few evenings ago paſſed through the poſt office:

"A gentleman in the ſervice as Cook Yourhuſk park on or about 6 or 7 miles near blazing Stock in Hampſhire.

"The Gentleman's name is forgot, but titled A Eſqr."

A young gentleman at the Univerſity was called upon by an old ſervant of his father's with compliments from the family.—"Well," ſaid the ſtudent, "how do they all do at home; what news do you bring me?"—"None," ſaid John, "except that our old raven is dead; *ſo that is all.*" "But pray, what did he die of?" "How could it be otherwiſe, when he eat ſo much carrion?" — "Carrion! how could he get at ſuch quantities?"—"Why, the four coach horſes are dead too." "Aye! pray what killed them?" "Why they might have lived long enough, if they had not been overworked in drawing water." "Really! pray how came it about that they had ſo much water to draw?" "Why, ſir, it happened, the day our manſion-houſe was burnt down, that—" "How! my father's houſe burnt ſay you; by what accident?" "By no accident at all, ſir—it would never have happened, if our people had not been ſo cruelly careleſs of their torches!" "Of their torches! pray, what had they to do with torches?" "Why, ſir, the torches were made uſe of at your good mother's funeral?" "How!—my mother dead, and buried, without my knowledge of her being ſick? This is incomprehenſible!" "Not ſo incomprehenſible neither, for ſhe died of no other diſeaſe than a broken heart." "But for God's ſake, John, what could occaſion this exceſſive grief!" "Oh! as to that matter, ſhe had reaſon enough;—— Lady ——, who was ſo lately your mother's waiting-maid, appeared at the laſt birth day aſſembly, in a more rich and elegant habit than was ever before ſeen in our country.

The young ladies of a boarding School in Glouceſterſhire, being requeſted by a provincial manager to order a play, ſelected, with much arch ſignificance, for their entertainments—*Love's Frailties*, and *Heigho for a Huſband!*

ANECDOTE.

At a Meeting where a diſſenting doctor and one or more clergy of the eſtabliſhed church were preſent, the doctor was requeſted to give a toaſt, which he did, ſaying "the ſans culottes of England."

land." "O," says the clergyman, "I ſhall drink that with glee; for the doctor muſt mean the ſingle ladies of England, as the married only wear the breeches." The doctor appeared rather diſſatisfied with this perverſion of his ſentiment; and the clergyman was requeſted to favour the company with his toaſt; the doctor admoniſhed the preſident to beware of that gentleman; "who (ſays he) if you give an inch, will take an ell."—"I thank you, doctor (replied the clergyman) for the hint. I will give theſe three L's Liberty, Loyalty, and Lawn-ſleeves," — "If you pleaſe, Rev. Sir, (ſaid the Dr.) we will add another L to your toaſt, by way of rider, and call it the four L's—Lawn-ſleeves, Luxury, Lumber, and Lazineſs."

A paſſenger on the outſide of a Birmingham coach was, a ſhort time ſince, charged threepence for a piece of toaſt, at an inn not far from Dunchurch; upon objecting to the price, Mr. *Score-double*, the landlord, very gravely replied, "Well, then, ſuppoſe we ſay, twopence *toaſt*, and a penny *fire*!

Harriet *Partridge* is divorced from her *mate*, John Partridge, Eſq. he having proved a cruel *bird*, by unnaturally *pairing off* with another *hen* of the name of Ann Thornton.

The Pope has conferred on Cardinal Maury, the biſhop ics of Monteſiaſco and Loretto: the former produces excellent wine, and the latter pretty women: the Cardinal, therefore may ſpend his time very agreeably: for he may paſs his days in his biſhopric of Monteſiaſco, and his nights in that of Loretto.

The following Letter which appeared in a morning Paper a few days ago, we think worth the attention of the readers of the Sporting Magazine.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor.

My Lord,

AS I really imagined the propoſition of Mr. *Deputy Nicholls* to the Court of Aldermen and Common Council, for raiſing a regiment of *horſe and foot*, to protect the *good Citizens* of *London*, would have been carried unanimouſly, I had prepared a few hints, which, in my opinion would have been worthy your Lordſhip's attention; and notwithſtanding the want of *military ardour* in the majority of the deſcription of men above mentioned, I ſtill think they are *too good* to be loſt, and therefore ſend them your Lordſhip to make uſe of as you may think beſt.

Your Lordſhip will have many things to recommend, ſuch as making Hackney a fortified town; raiſing redoubts at Iſlington; throwing up lines round Doghouſe bar: and putting Bagnigge-wells in a formidable ſtate of ſecurity—but above all, the mode, of fortifying London will be the main object of your Lordſhip's recommendation. You will call the Court's attention to the many different points of attack, and ſhew what proviſions ſhould be made to repel the enemy. If they advance down Kent-ſtreet, on the Greenwich Road—there are Goddeſſes of liberty, and Thieves, and Jack-aſſes, and Fiſh-baſkets, and Cherry-panniers to protect, and of courſe it will be proper to have a battery at the Turnpike, under the conduct of the Match-lock men, and pio-

neers

neers of the ancient city of London. But ſhould they direct their line of march through Kennington turnpike, and ſo make right for London Bridge—the beſt thing your Lordſhip can do, will be to recommend all the ſugar coopers in Harp-lane to roll their empty ſugar hogſheads into Blackman-ſtreet, to be filled up after the Duke of Richmond's faſhion at Tower-hill, as a cover, or rather a breaſt work, for the Artillery Company to ſhew their military ardour *behind them.* Beſide, my Lord, as moſt of the City Bucks keep their horſes in the Borough—there is a corps of Cavalry formed to your Lordſhip's hand.—I hardly think they will venture over Weſtminſter-bridge; but if they ſhould, recommend to the Court that the Members of both Houſes of Parliament be requeſted to reſort to the Tower, and equip themſelves, without loſs of time, with complete ſuits of armour; and that, when they are drawn out in battle array, all the Conſtables, Beadles, Watchmen, Headboroughs, &c. be ſtationed at the Dog-and-Duck, to give them timely notice of their danger. Propoſe that the huge Clerk at the Bank, with his ſwivel before him, be placed in the gallery of the Monument to alarm them by the magnitude of his dimenſions; recommend that the Fiſh-women at Billingſgate be ordered to give up all ideas of cod and ling, and become rank and file; let the Attorney's Clerks rendezvous in Bunhill-fields, armed in complete ſheep ſkin; call out all the Taylors, and oblige them to bring their bodkins; diſmount the Breeches-makers from their ſhop-boards; and oblige every Linen-draper to throw himſelf into the entrenchments with his meaſure in hand. A few nine-pounders out of the upper ſtory of Fiſhmonger's hall would be deviliſh inconvenient to them, if they ſhould attempt to paſs London-bridge without artillery; and I don't think it would be amiſs to place a few field pieces with a ſupply of grape and caniſter, under the arch way of the St. Magnus's Church. The two City Marſhals, under the command of ſome military deputy, ſhould be ſtationed in Eaſtcheap, at the head of the Train bands, in order to flank them, if they get up Fiſh-ſtreet hill; and the High Conſtable of Weſtminſter, with the Bow-ſtreet runners and the poſſe comitatus, your Lordſhip may recommend to be placed in ſuch a poſition as cannot fail to do effectual ſervice. The Aldermen may fire their blunderbuſſes out of the garret windows; the Common Council may ſcour the ſtreets below:—If, however, they ſhould prefer marching over Blackfriars-bridge, let the Apothecaries Company give *ſtrict* orders to jallup their ſmall beer. Your Lordſhip muſt ſtate to the Court that Lord Hawkeſbury, who is a friend to the meaſure, conceives that, if 5000 *empty* wine-pipes, ſet up on end in Saliſbury-ſquare, had each of them a man in it, with a muſket levelled through the bung-hole, it would rake the Frenchmen d—mnab—y in marching from St. Bride's to Temple Bar.

I could have added ſome further inſtructions, but as the neceſſity of arming thoſe over whom your Lordſhip preſides, is done away for the preſent, I ſhall reſerve them till they are wanted, and am, My Lord,

Your's, &c.

FIRE-AWAY FLANAGAIN.

A SPORT-

A SPORTING ANECDOTE, *from* MODERN TRAVELS *into* ITALY.

A VERY ſingular tale of ſport, love and devotion, is thus related :——" I found Mr. S. waiting for me at my lodgings ; he has of late paid his court very aſſiduouſly to a lady of high rank in this place, [*Rome*] She is diſtinguiſhed, even here, for a punctilious obſervance of all the ceremonies appointed by the church, and could not eat meat on a meagre day, or deviate from the canonical regulations in any point of equal importance, without remorſe ; but in matters of gallantry, ſhe has the reputation of being infinitely more liberal, both in her ſentiments and practice. She has been for ſome time provided with a very able and reſpectable lover, of her own country ; but this did not make her blind to the good qualities of Mr. ——, with whom ſhe formed a very intimate connection ſoon after his arrival here : not that ſhe prefers him to her other lover, but merely from a ſtrong ſenſe of the truth and beauty of this arithmetical axiom—one and one make two.

The new arrangement with our countryman, however pleaſing to the lady, gave offence to her father-confeſſor. The ſcrupulous eccleſiaſtic was of opinion, that a connection of this nature with a heretic, was more criminal than with a man of her own communion. Mr. —— had juſt come from the lady to our lodgings ; he had found her in worſe humour than he had ever obſerved before, Mr. —— entered as the confeſſor went out : ſhe ſhut the door after him with a violence which ſhook the whole houſe, muttering as ſhe returned to her ſeat, *Che ti poſſino Gaſcar le braccia vecchio dondolone !* The devil go along with you for an old *old gooſe.*

Mr. —— expreſſed his concern on ſeeing her ſo much agitated.—" No wonder," ſaid ſhe, " that ſtubborn animilaccio, who is juſt gone out, has had the inſolence to refuſe me abſolution. As I expected you this morning, I ſent for him betimes, that the matter might have been expedited before you ſhould come ; but here I have been an hour endeavouring to perſuade him, but all to no purpoſe : nothing I could ſay was able to mollify the obſtinate old greaſy raſcal."

Mr. —— joined in abuſing the confeſſors perverſeneſs, hinting, at the ſame time, that ſhe ought to deſpiſe it as a matter of little importance : that ſhe was ſure of receiving abſolution ſooner or later ; and whenever it happened, all the tranſactions of the interval would be comprehended within that act of grace. Upon the ſtrength of this reaſoning, Mr. ——, was proceeding to fulfill the purpoſe of his viſit, with as much alacrity as if the moſt complete diſcharge had been granted for all proceedings.——*Pianno, pianno, idol mio—ſoftly my love,* ſaid the lady. *Biſogna rimitter ſi alla volunta di Dio. We muſt ſubmit to the will of Heaven.* She then told her lover, that though ſhe deſpiſed the confeſſor as much as he could do, yet ſhe muſt take care of her own ſoul ; that not having ſettled accounts with heaven for a conſiderable time, ſhe was determined not to begin a new ſcore, till the old one ſhould be cleared, adding for her principal reaſon, *patto chiaro amico caro, ſhort accounts make long friends.*

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A TRUE and complete peal of 5040 grandfire tripples was rung a few days ago, at Bolney, in 2 hours and fifty-nine minutes, in the following order:

James Barnard, London,	*Treble*
Anthony Lintott, Horfham,	*2d.*
James Lintott, ditto	*3d.*
Edward Aldridge, ditto	*4th.*
John Tree, Bolney	*5th.*
Wat Hurft, ditto	*6th.*
Thomas Jones, Horfham	*7th.*
John Foreman, ditto	*Tenor*

The bobs were called by Anthony Lintott.

A gentleman of Bath, a few weeks fince, took a fancy to a handfome ftrong made little horfe of about fourteen hands high, in the poffeffion of a farmer in the neighbourhood, and on enquiring the price, was afked twenty-five guineas. The gentleman offered twenty, which the farmer refufed: and after fome ineffectual attempts to make a bargain he offered to fell him at 5d. a pound; the gentleman bid him 4d. and it was accepted. The horfe weighed 7cwt. 3qrs. 23lb. which at 4d. per pound, amounted only to 14l. 17s. at which price the farmer very honourably delivered him to his new mafter.

One evening this month, Mr. Woodhams, of Arlington, near Lewes, placed a flew-net acrofs a ftream on his farm, for the purpofe of catching fifh during the night. The next morning he was furprifed, on examining his net, at the appearance of a large *hare*, in company with two fine pike, and fome other fifh. Mr. Woodham's account for the above ftrange affociation of company, by the circumftances of his having left fome portion of net on the bank of the river, in which he fuppofes pufs muft firft have entangled herfelf and in ftruggling to get loofe, plunged afterwards into the water. She was dead when found, and hanging by one of her hind legs.

A colt, the property of Mr. Edward Lemin of Truro, in October laft, fell into a fhaft four fathoms deep, where it remained for one month before it was difcovered; it was taken up alive, and unhurt, though in a very emaciated ftate; and from proper treatment it is now perfectly recovered, and it is alfo able to work in the field. It was impoffible that it could have received the leaft food or water whilft it was in the fhaft.

Laft week as Mr. Wills, of Ulcomb, was drawing King's Wood, to unkennel a fox, he found a woodcock's neft, with four eggs, the bird then fitting.

In our Magazine of laft month, page 358, is defcribed an inftance of animal adoption, in a fpaniel taking a leveret under its protection; the following is mentioned as being little lefs extraordinary. Some years fince, after a fevere run, a fox was earthed; in digging, fome cubs were found unable to fee, and of which the terrier bitch killed two; the next morning fhe was fhewn the three remaining cubs, which fhe immediately fuckled, and two of which fhe reared with as much care and fondnefs as if they had been her own whelps: what renders it more remarkable, the terrier's

terrier's pups were upwards of a month old, and had been taken from her ſome days.

The following accident which lately happened at Knightſbridge, we mention as a caution: By the imprudence of a gentleman of the *Sunday Whip*, in driving the horſe before a gentleman's chariot, he was killed by the gig-ſhaft: the gentleman was very much cut, and otherwiſe bruiſed. Let this be a warning for *cocknies* to keep a tight rein.

We are ſorry to learn from Dublin, that Lord Jocelyn, while hunting near Finglaſs, fell from his horſe, by which accident his ſkull was fractured.

We preſume it is a circumſtance worth recording in the annals of lotteries, reſpecting 29,257. This number was drawn a prize of 25l. in the Iriſh lottery 1791, and 100l. in the Engliſh 1791. Alſo a 10l. and 20l. prize in the next Iriſh and Engliſh; a 10l. in the laſt Iriſh, and on the 5th day of the laſt Engliſh lottery a prize of 10,000l.

The new *Faro table* in Pall Mall has been ſpiritedly remonſtrated againſt by Lady B——, Lady A——, and Mrs. S——, as injurious to the rights of the regular *female bankers*, ſo long on the punting eſtabliſhment.

There are no leſs than ſix faſhionable houſes at the weſt end of the town, the eſtabliſhments of which are totally ſupported by the profits of the *Faro-table!*

The *Faro-table* at Mrs. Concannon's, has now the greateſt run of faſhionable play.

A man lately fiſhing in the Severn, near Arlington Waſh, was drawn into the river by a ſalmon which had taken the bait, and was drowned.

The little *fracas* between Lady Archer and Lady Buckinghamſhire, reſpecting the diſputed number of *cocks on a card*, is adjuſted; and they now leave their names at each other's door with as much eaſe and indifference as uſual.

Mrs. Paul Benfield has juſt launched a *veſper-blue* curricle, in which ſhe gracefully drives a pair of the moſt elegant *pied* blood galloways that the park can produce.

Mr. Whitbread is at the head of the daſhing *curricle-eers* of the day, as his nimble pair of *bi-coloured bloods* daily demonſtrate to the admiring gazers of Piccadilly!

ELOPEMENT.

A ſhort time ſince, between the hours of four and five in the morning, Lieutenant M——ll, of the Herefordſhire militia, ſtruck his tent, at his head-quarters near Oxford-ſtreet, and ſet off, by forced marches, to Gretna-green, there to enliſt under the banners of Hymen, with the fair daughter of General P——t, of Mancheſter-ſquare. The General purſued the fugitives, with a ſtrong detachment of *light cavalry*, for upwards of three leagues, but could not come up with them.

The Marchioneſs of Antrim gave a ball a few days ſince, in Dublin,

Dublin, which was diſtinguiſhed by this circumſtance of elegant feſtivity :—Seven ladies of faſhion danced a Scots Ballet, in a ſpace, defended againſt the crowd of the ball-room by young noblemen, who witheld the company by barriers of ribband. The ladies were in a uniform dreſs of white muſlin, trimmed with blue ribbands, blue ſaſhes, petticoats trimmed with ſilver, white turban head dreſſes, ſpangled with ſilver, and blue ribbands.

On Monday, March 31, and the three following days was fought at the Cock-pit Royal, in Newmarket, a main of Cocks, between the gentlemen of Cambridgeſhire and the gentlemen of Suffolk, ſhewing 21 cocks in the main on each ſide, for 10 guineas a battle, and 100 guineas the odd battle, which was won by the former 5 battles a-head.

Feeders, Marſhall for Cambridgeſhire, and Mitchell for Suffolk.

Thurſday, April 3, was played on Mead Green, near Taunton, a grand match at coits, between Mr. John Elmſley, of Biddeford, and the noted player Mr. Harpen of Barnſtable, (the rubber of 11 games for 50 guineas) which was won by the former 4 games a-head.

An elopement has lately taken place in the faſhionable world. The lady of Lord C— has gone off with the Rev. G—— C——, who is likewiſe married.

A young lady of *thirteen* has juſt eloped *con-amore*, with the man of her heart, from a boarding-ſchool in the *north*. This ſurely demonſtrates the *forwardneſs* of the ſeaſon, even in our coldeſt climates.

BETTING ROOM.

THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1794.

Betted on the Oatlands.

9 to 1 againſt Monkey, for the Oatlands
8 to 1 againſt Lurcher for ditto
100 to 12 againſt Buzzard for ditto
100 to 9 againſt Dalin for ditto
20 to 1 againſt Halbert for ditto
100 to 1 againſt Ld Clermont for ditto
A guinea taken for 100, between Coriander and Buzzard, for ditto
6 to 1 againſt Tim Tartlet, for the St. Leger Staket at Doncaſter
8 to 1 againſt Lord Derby for the Oaks

April 14, a battle was fought at Utoxeter, between the noted Sam Smith, a ſhoemaker of that place, and Gregory, a jeweller, for 10 guineas a-ſide, which after a ſharp conteſt of 35 minutes, was won by the latter.

A remarkable fiſh was lately taken up among the rocks at Newbiggen by the ſea, in Northumberland, which, as far as we have yet an opportunity of enquiring, appears to be a nondeſcript ; its length, excluſive of its tail, which was broken off, was above eight feet ; its breadth about one foot, and tapered very little from head to tail ; its thickneſs was no way proportional to its ſize, being very thin and flat ; it had no fin on its belly, but the dorſal fin extended the whole length. Its ſkin was granulated

all over, and had a ſhining, ſilvery appearance, with ſtripes of light grey colour, running in a longitudinal direction the whole length of the fiſh: its back was marked with ſhort brown ſtreaks, which croſſed it in a contrary direction: its head, which was much mutilated, was ſhort, and covered with ſtrong incruſtations. From the top of it there were ſaid to be two ſpines, like horns, which were broken off, and likewiſe two ſhort ones hung down from the under part juſt behind the gills, the ends of which were broken: it had only one gut; its liver was of a moſt beautiful vermilion colour; and its fleſh was beautifully white and clear.

A gentleman wagered twenty guineas with a neighbouring ſportſman in the Burgh of Anſtruther, in Scotland, that he would not kill twenty hares before 5 o'clock that afternoon, with greyhounds; and five guineas that he would not ſtart forty. The gentleman took the bet and gained it, having killed twenty-four hares before three o'clock, and ſtarted three times the number required.

A moſt ſingular accident lately happened to Mr. Roche's fox-hounds, in Pembrokeſhire.—In a thick foggy day, four of the beſt hounds were loſt in the Hook Wood; and notwithſtanding the ſtricteſt ſearch was made by the Colliers in the coal-mines, and a conſiderable reward offered, no account whatever could be had of them. About three weeks afterwards, a Collier fancied he heard a noiſe in a pit near the road-ſide; procuring a rope, he went down, and found one bitch alive, and in excellent order: the ſkulls of the others, and a ſmaller one, like a fox's head, quite picked to the bone, and the hind quarters of one of the dogs whole.

MODERN PROPENSITIES.

Some little time ago, at an inn not an hundred miles from the town of Rochdale, in Lancaſhire, two gentlemen, who reſided there, undertook for a trifling wager, to convince the company preſent, which could maſticate a pound of veal cutlets, ſix potatoes, two ſlices of bread, and drink a pint of ale each, in the leaſt time. The conteſt was much to the edification of the ſpectators. At the completion of the firſt eight ounces, it was conſidered by the knowing ones that it would be a *dead heat*: and was in fact won by only half a mouthful. It was, however, allowed, that the other gentleman did his beſt; and as the jockeys term it, he put all in. This curious wager was completed in two minutes and forty-five ſeconds.

BETTING ROOM.

THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1794.

BETTED.

100	to	12	againſt Silver
5	to	2	againſt Lurcher
5	to	1	againſt Buzzard
9	to	1	againſt Coriander
20	to	1	againſt Halbert
5½	to	4	againſt Cinnabar, for the Sweepſtakes

LEICESTER, APRIL 12.

On Wedneſday night a trial at pugiliſm took place at the Queen's Head, Thornton, between Hannah Elliot and a noted bruiſer out of Derbyſhire, which, after a ſharp and hard-fought conteſt of two hours, was terminated in favour of the *female*.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

The following extracts from a pamphlet lately published, entitled *The present state of the Manners, Arts and Politics of France and Italy*, in a series of poetical epistles to Robert Jephson, Esq. by Mr. Courtenay; we doubt not will amuse our readers.

On the Game Laws of France.

THRO' the peasants, rebellion her venom has spread,
And the wholesome coercion of justice is fled;
Uncontroll'd every farmer, nay cottager runs,
To range o'er the fields with his dogs and his guns;
And each ploughman exults and triumphantly bears,
To his children and wife, the plump pheasants and hares!
Tho' once if he dared thus to sport and to dally,
He had tugg'd for his life in the king's royal gally;
O ne'er may such freedom in Britain prevail,
May the 'Squire still commit to the hulks, or the jail,
The felons, who dare e'en to throw a slight glance,
On a partridge or hare that's brought over from France;*
And lest poachers should ever escape from his fury,
Imprison and whip, without judge or jury.
May our Lords and our Commons associate together,
And join in this cause like birds of a feather;
To enforce the game laws, may they always assemble,
Informers to cherish, make yeomen to tremble.

* See the advertisement of the Noblemen and Gentlemen associated for the preservation of the game.

THE NUN'S SONG.

No more we'll celebrate the Mass
With Abesses and Friars;
But all our future moments pass
In soothing soft desires!

To nuptial bliss we'll now aspire,
And beauty's triumph shew,
While beam our eyes with youthful fire,
While yet our bosoms glow.

To Venus, and the winged Boy,
We'll consecrate our lives:
Chaste Nuns shall feel a double joy,
As mothers and as wives.

A FRENCH LOVE SONG.

Lucinda boasts a charm divine,
By loves enchanting grace;
On me her eyes benignly shine.
While blushes paint her face,

She clasps me to her panting breast,
Pleas'd with th' impassion'd strife;
Then sooths my amorous woes to rest,
And cheers the gloom of life.

The glow worm's tail thus sheds a light,
To guide her lover's way;
For him allumes the dreary night,
And gilds the thorny spray.

GONDOLIER'S SONG.

Let us chant our Seignoras to hail,
No Gondolier sleeps, or is stupid;
The favourites of Venus here sail,
And we are the Sailors of Cupid.

All night our soft Beauties may boat,
To sport and enjoy their sweet fun;
They may do what they please while they float,
And go home with the light of the Sun.

How

How flow with her fpoufe the day fteals,
While fhe pants for the joys of the night;
For a favour the Cicifbe' kneels,
Nor ufurps like a hufband his right.

See Venice the Queen of the tide,
Bids the waves round her palaces twine;
And to Venus fhe's warmly ally'd,
As they both ftarted up from the brine.

SPECIMEN

OF

THE SONGS IN THE NEW OPERATIC FARCE OF NETLEY ABBEY.

SONG.—Mr. JOHNSTONE.

I.

AT the wake, at the fair, at the harveft-home meeting,
To have M'Scrape among them, good Lord, what intreating!
When they faw me, the women were all in a giggle,
And hardly ftood ftill for the tuning the fiddle.
How madly they foot it to brifk "Andrew Keary,"
And at "Shelin-a-gig," Oh, they'd make my arm weary,

II.

What amorous looks have I feen folks exchanging,
While engaged in the figure, the rogues would be ranging!
To give them a hint, that I gueffed at their fancies,
And to fuit to their wifhes, the tunes of the dances.
I've known "Roger de Coverly" turn them quite crazy,
And they'd call for a cup when I have play'd "Mrs. Cafey."

III.

Towards morn, when returning, each ftep was a caper,—
Oh rat it no pity had they on the Scraper!
The girls out of bed, as we trip't it along leap'd up—
To peep at the frolic their neighbours fo kept up:
And I in return, for their glances careffing,
Play'd "Petticoat loofe" while the huffies were dreffing.

SONG,—Mrs, MOUNTAIN.

I.

Stript of Fortune's gay profufion,
Sober firmnefs arms my heart;—
That at the beft is but illufion,
Which can like a dream depart.

II.

Shall the *Summers*-Friend careffing,
When 'tis mifs'd a forrow coft?
Or that Wealth be deemed a bleffing
Which is in a moment loft?

SONG.—Mr. INCLEDON.

I.

Shou'd dangers e'er approach our coaft,
The inbred fpirit of the land
Would animate each heart, each hand
Wou'd bind us in one general hoft!
England!
England, a World within itfelf fhall reign
Safe in her floating Tow'rs her Caftles on the main.

II.

Our Ifle's beft rampart is the fea;—
The midnight march of foes it braves;
And heaven that fenced us round with waves,
Ordain'd the people to be Free!
England;
England, a World within itfelf, fhall reign
Safe in her floating Tow'rs, her Caftles on the main.

POOR PEG.

FROM DIBDIN'S "PRIVATE THEATRICALS"

POOR Peggy lov'd a foldier lad,
More, far more than tongue can tell you;
Yet was her tender bofom fad
Whene'er fhe heard the loud reveillez,
The fifes were fcreech-owls to her ears;
The drums like thunder feem'd to rattle
Ah! too prophetic were her fears,
They call'd him from her arms to battle.
There wonders he againft the foe
Perform'd, and was with honour crown'd:
Vain pomp! for foon death laid him low
On the cold ground.

Her

Her heart all love, her foul all truth,
That none her fears or flight difcover,
Poor Peg, in guife a comely youth,
Follow'd to the field her lover;
Directed by the fife and drum
To where the work of death was doing;
Where of brave hearts the time was come,
Who, feeking honour, grafp at ruin.—
Her very foul was chill'd with woe;
New horror came with ev'ry found,
And whifper'd death had laid him low
On the cold ground.

With mute affliction as fhe ftood,
And while her woman's fears confound her,
(With terror all her foul fubdu'd,)
A mourning train came thronging round her,
The plaintive fife and muffled drum
The martial obfequies difcover:
His name fhe heard and cry'd, "I come,
Faithful to meet my murder'd lover;"
Then heart-rent by a figh of woe,
Fell, to the grief of all around,
Where death had laid her lover low
On the cold ground.

THE SLEEPING MARINERS.

A NEW SONG, BY A CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET.

To the Tune of LULLABY.

PEACEFUL fnoozing on the ocean,
Seamen fears no dangers nigh,
Though the world is in commotion,
We are rock'd to Lullaby!
Lullaby! Lullaby! &c.

In Torbay fecure at anchor,
Top-mafts ftruck, and calm the fky;
Safe from ftorm, and gallic rancour,
We enjoy our Lullaby!
Lullaby! Lullaby! &c.

Give Monfieurs, who are fo curious,
Double watches—wet or dry:
But give us, who are not fo furious,
Double fpells of Lullaby!
Lullaby! Lullaby! &c.

Let night come, with billows roaring,
'Twixt ‡ two hammocks fnug we lie;
Full allowance take of fnoring,
To the tune of Lullaby!
Lullaby! Lullaby! &c

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‡ From the complimentary allufion to the Noble Admiral's humanely providing each feaman with a double allowance of bedding, the fong is generally afcribed to the poetic pen of his Lordfhip's own Chaplain.

ON THE DEATH OF BENJAMIN BRIANT THE FAMOUS PUGILIST.

DEATH and BRIANT *fet-to*, and a terrible fight
Sure it was, when they both did begin,
Till BEN after *fhifting* the whole of the fight,
At laft thought it beft to *give in*.

EPITAPH ON THE SAME.

Renown'd in *Pugiliftic* ftory,
Bold JOHNSON'S dread, and BRITAIN'S glory,
Here vanquifhed lies the famous giant,
Known by the name of BIG BEN BRIANT;
Who, when the fierceft *Fifts* on earth
Had fhrunk from his fuperior worth,
Elate with pride, and high in *breath*,
Would one day try a *fpar* with DEATH.
Long 'twixt the *Spectre* and the *Man*,
The doubtful conteft equal ran;
(A DOCTOR, for a *Bottle-holder*,
Stood clofe to BEN'S puiffant fhoulder.)
But DEATH refolved to lay him low,
Watch'd, and *put in* his *favourite blow*!!!

PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW PLAY OF

FONTAINVILLE FOREST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PLAY.

THE Prologue once, indeed, in days of old,
Some previous facts of the new Drama told:
Pointed your expectation to the fcene,
And clear'd obftruction that might intervene;
Poffefs'd you with thofe aids, the author thought
Were requifite's to judge him as you ought.

The moderns, previous hints like thefe defpife,
Demand intrigue, and banquet on furprize:
The Prologue, notwithftanding, keeps its ftation,
A trembling Poet's folemn lamentation,
Cloak'd up in metaphor, it tells of fhocks,
Fatal to fhips new launch'd, from hidden rocks;
Of critic batteries, of rival ftrife,
The Deftinies that flit the thin-fpun life.
Our

Our Author chuſes to prepare the way,
With lines at leaſt ſuggeſted by his Play,
Caught from the Gothic treaſures of romance,
He frames his work, and lays the ſcene in France.
The word, I ſee alarms—it vibrates here,
And Feeling marks it impulſe with a tear,
It brings to thought, a people once refin'd,
Who led ſupreme the manners of mankind;
Deprav'd by cruelty, by pride inflam'd,
By traitors madden'd and by ſophiſts ſham'd.
Cruſhing that freedom, which, with gentle ſway,
Courted their revolution's infant day.
'Ere giant Vanity, with impious hand,
Aſſail'd the ſacred Temples of the land.

Fall'n is that Land beneath oppreſſion's flood;
Its pureſt ſun has ſet, alas, in blood!
The milder planet drew from him her light,
And when he roſe no more, ſoon ſunk in night:
The regal ſource of order, once deſtroy'd,
Anarchy made the fair creation void.

Britons, to you, by temperate freedom crown'd,
For ev'ry manly ſentiment renown'd,
The Stage can have no motive to enforce
The principles, that guide your glorious cauſe;
Proceed triumphant——'mid the world's applauſe,
Firm to your King, your Altars, and your Laws.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

BY MRS POPE.

WELL heav'n be prais'd, I have eſcap'd at laſt,
And all my woman's doubts and fears are paſt,
Before this awful criſis of our play,
Our vent'rous bard has often heard me ſay——
Think you, our friends, one modern ghoſt will ſee,
Unleſs, indeed, of Hamlet's pedigree:
Know you not, Shakeſpeare's petrifying pow'r
Commands alone the horror-giving hour.
" Madam, (ſaid he,) with mingled awe " and love,
" I think of Him, the brighteſt ſpirit " above,
" Who triumphs over time and fickle " forms,
" The changes of caprice, and paſſion's " ſtorms;
" Whoſe mighty muſe the ſubject world " muſt bind,
" While ſenſe and nature charm the wil" ling mind."

But Sir, I cry'd, your eulogy apart,
Which flows from mine, indeed from every heart.
You mean to ſanction then your own pale " ſprite,
By his " that did uſurp this time of " night:"
" I do, (he anſwered,) and I beg you'll " ſpare
" My injur'd phantom ev'ry *red-ſea* " pray'r;
" Why ſhould your terror *lay* my proudeſt " boaſt,
" Madam, I die, if I give up the ghoſt."
The jeſt which burſted from his motley mind,
Anxious as it muſt be, has made me kind;
I come his advocate, if there be need,
And give him *abſolution* for the deed.
You'll not deny my ſpiritual power,
But let me rule at leaſt one little hour!
Be your's the ſceptre every future day,
And mine the tranſport humbly to obey.

INVITATION.

TO THE FEATHERED RACE.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Freſh verdure decks the grove;
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his note to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And ſhun the nood-tide heat;
My ſhrubs a cooling ſhade ſupply,
My groves a ſafe retreat.

Theſe roſes, dear to ev'ry bard,
To ſmiling Venus dear,
With fragrant tufts your young ſhall guard
Your loves conſummate here.

Let then this league between us made,
Our mutual intereſts guard:
Mine be the gift of ſweets and ſhade,
Your ſongs the rich reward.